

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }
VOLUME XXXIII. }

No. 3252 Nov. 3, 1906.

{ FROM BEGINNING
Vol. COLI. }

CONTENTS.

I. The President's English: A Criticism and a Suggestion. <i>By William Archer</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	259
II. Between the Cataracts. (Notes from an Egyptian Diary.) <i>By Harold Spender</i>	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	270
III. Wild Wheat. Chapter XXVI. Trouble. Chapter XVII. Hasty Words. <i>By M. E. Francis.</i> (To be continued.)	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE	276
IV. Some Shadowy Characters in Shakespeare.	GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE	283
V. The Slippers of Marianne. <i>By Jessie Leckie Herbertson</i>	TEMPLE BAR	288
VI. Russia From Within. <i>By Our Special Commissioner</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	297
VII. The Labor Party in the United States	OUTLOOK	300
VIII. The Hohenlohe "Revelation"	SPECTATOR	312
IX. The Use and Abuse of Fictitious Geography	ACADEMY	314
X. Hypnotic Advertisement	SATURDAY REVIEW	317

A PAGE OF VERSE

XI. "1685." <i>By Laurence Housman</i>		258
XII. To An Opal. <i>By Eden Phillpotts</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	258
XIII. Jole De Vivre. <i>By Lewis Lusk</i>		258
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		318



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U.S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U.P.U. is 3 cents per copy or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

"1685."

Over the hill as I came down,
Across the flats where the peewits cry
I heard the drums through all the town
Beat for the men that were to die.

Oh, blithely up the eastern street
Looked in with me the morning sun,
Up to the market-square where feet
Went marching all like one.

And dark against the high town-hall
The shadow of the shambles fell;
And clear beneath its gilded ball
The town clock tolled their knell.

Came murmurs of the distant farms,
But from the townsfolk not a cry,
Though wives with babes upon their
arms
Stared, and stood waiting by!

Oh, oft I come and oft I go,
And see those roofs against the sky:—
But not the place I used to know
Where simple hearts beat high.

Now like a wreck each homestead
looks,
While on it sunlight falls in flood:
And all the peewits by the brooks
Are crying out of wasted blood!

Laurence Housman.

TO AN OPAL.

Wrapt in the radiant air's own milky
tress,
That's less than cloud and more than
cloudlessness,
Dawn-light and moon-light art thou;
dreaming fire,
That dies along the west: a pulse; a
pyre
Burning beneath the brow of some red
eave;
The very staple that the salt winds
weave
Into the vaporous east, or sobbing
south,
When some gray hurricane sucks at the
mouth
Of the dear, wild-haired sea, and with
huge mirth
Rains back his rape of kisses on the
earth.

The blooms of old-world flow'rs in an-
cient garths;

The dancing aureole of winter hearths;
The argent flame that haunts eternal
snows;

Spray of the burn and petal of the rose;
Gleam of the dragon-fly or halcyon's
wing;

The dew-bedappled kirtle of the Spring;
The amber ripple of the kerning corn;
Splendor of fruit; where ripeness, like a
morn,

Dawns through the bloom; the rain-
bow's liquid light;

The northern dancers of an arctic night;
Nacre of pearl and foam upon the sea—
All these, thou glimmering epitome
Of the world's glory, throb and nestle
here

Within the little compass of a tear.

Eden Phillpotts.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

JOIE DE VIVRE.

Dew-diamonds the woods are adorning:
Hail! bonny red face of the morning!
How merry to hear the bold chanticleer
A-crying his wakening warning!
The road runs awry by the hostelry
door,
But straight as a bowshot it crosses the
moor.

Hurrah for the heights and the heather
When autumn gives glorious weather,
To charge and upstride the ringing
hillside,
To foot it in friendship together
Away from the sleepers who batten
below
To where the tall grasses and heather-
bells grow.

So rise, if you have any sorrow;
Come forth, and forgetfulness borrow;
The moss and the fern, the crag and the
burn,
Shall conquer the thought of to-morrow:
Come springing, come singing your
merriest lay
To the glittering road in the glittering
day.

Lewis Lusk.

THE PRESIDENT'S ENGLISH: A CRITICISM AND A SUGGESTION.

I.

Since President Cleveland's famous message to Congress on the Venezuela dispute, nothing that has issued from the White House has caused such a commotion on this side of the Atlantic as President Roosevelt's order to the U. S. Government printers to adopt, in official documents, certain modifications of current orthography recommended by a body calling itself the Simplified Spelling Board, and having its headquarters in New York. The commotion was inevitable, and President Roosevelt, we may be sure, is far too well-versed in the "psychology of the crowd" to be surprised at it or to resent it. His action had fluttered the pigeon-holes wherein repose the most cherished of our prejudices. "Our" prejudices, I say, in all good faith; for, though I am an advocate of spelling reform, I freely admit that we have all prejudices and pusillanimities to be overcome, and that they form a very large factor in the problem. The President's action, in any case, was greeted with shouts of facile ridicule, and with not a little ill-informed contempt. The modern newspaper, with its leader-notes, its columns of facetiae, its interviews, and its letters to the editor, offers unprecedented facilities for the inversion of that old-fashioned proverb which bids us think twice before we speak once. But now that we have all launched our little jibe, or exhumed our long-discredited etymologico-historical argument, it is perhaps time that we should give a few moments' serious reflection to the points at issue. I believe the matter to be a momentous one—more so, perhaps, than the President himself fully real-

izes. I believe that the future of the English language hangs in the balance, and that there lies before us, during the next few years, a decision of world-historic import. The situation is full of both good and evil possibilities; but it needs only a little wisdom, a little patience, a little open-mindedness on both sides of the Atlantic, to make it, both directly and indirectly, fruitful of good. The President's action gives us, as it seems to me, an invaluable impulse towards the formal assertion and consolidation of the world-wide unity of the English tongue. But before developing this view, I must say a few words as to the actual position taken up by the American party of reform.

II.

The Simplified Spelling Board, as constituted in March last, numbered twenty-eight names, all of more or less representative men. Among them are the Presidents of Columbia University and of Leland Stanford University; Professor Lounsbury of Yale, to whom all lovers of Chaucer owe so much; Professor William James, of Harvard; the editors of the "Century Dictionary," and of the "Standard Dictionary"; an ex-Secretary of State, and a Justice of the Supreme Court; several educational authorities of high standing; several men of business, among them Mr. Andrew Carnegie; and two or three men of letters, with "Mark Twain" at their head. The Chairman of the Board is Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University; its Secretary, Mr. Charles P. G. Scott, etymological editor of the "Century Dic-

tionary." Many other names, I understand, have since been added; but this was the Board which signed the recommendations adopted by President Roosevelt. It is surely not surprising that the President should have listened with respect to the views put forward by such a body of men. To describe them as "cranks" or "faddists" would be the extreme of absurdity.

The proceedings of the Board are based upon the conviction that, were it not "unfairly handicapped" by its "intricate and disordered spelling," English would certainly become "the dominant and international language of the world." "For this destiny," they say, "it is fitted by its use as the medium of the widest commerce and the most progressive civilization, by its cosmopolitan vocabulary, and by its grammatical simplicity." Clearly, then, it is a great mistake to suppose that the movement originates with Americans of foreign birth or parentage, who have no respect for the traditions of the language, and cannot be troubled to master the intricacies of its spelling. These innovators, whether right or wrong in their contentions, are animated by a great love for our common speech, and a strong faith in its destinies. Moreover, their actual proposals, for the time being, are moderate to the point of timidity. "The Board," they say, "does not propose any 'radical' or 'revolutionary' scheme of reform, or any sudden and violent change of English spelling. Any proposal to upset suddenly and violently the accepted spelling of any literary language is foredoomed to failure. The Board . . . is not in favor of freakish orthography of any kind. . . . It does not desire to relax the existing rules and analogies of English spelling. It desires, rather, to make them more certain, to extend them and enforce them, so as to get rid of needless exceptions, and produce a greater regularity than

now exists." Here, I think, the Board doth protest too much. If its action is to be of any effect, it cannot possibly proceed so very slowly, or in such an intensely conservative spirit. To this subject I shall return presently. In the meantime, I quote these expressions to show that President Roosevelt has not cast in his lot with a band of reckless innovators. Nothing, certainly, could well be more moderate than the list of 300 departures from common usage which is all that, as yet, the Board has recommended, or the President sanctioned. On analysis, it proves that a good twenty per cent. of the so-called innovations have long been common, if not universal, in England. Who, nowadays, dreams of writing "synonyme," or "paraffine," or "deposite," or "phenomenon," or "æra"? Who but the most perverse of printers would spell "idolize" or "civilize" with an *s* in place of the *z*? Again, about fifteen per cent. of the list is composed of words like "honor" and "labor," in which the superfluous *u* is omitted—a reform already adopted by many English writers and printers. Yet again, twenty-five per cent. of the list consists of preterites and participles in which *t* is substituted for *ed*—a form perfectly familiar in many English authors of repute. In sum, then, we find that about 60 per cent. of the list—or 180 words out of the 300—involve either no change at all in current English usage, or such slight change as can torture the sensibilities of none but morbidly sensitive Conservatives. I am far from regarding this timidity as a recommendation of the list; indeed, I do not believe that reform will make any real headway until the present proposals of the Board have been enormously extended and amended. But before proceeding to criticize their, and the President's, position, I thought it well to correct some misconceptions as to what that position really is.

III.

Some readers may ask why we should trouble ourselves more about the proceedings of the Simplified Spelling Board than about the fifty other attempts at spelling reform that have been made during the past century, and have all come to nothing. "Has it not been proved again and again," they may say, "that whatever theoretic advantages may be claimed for reform, it is impossible in practice to overcome the sheer inertia, the unreasoning dislike of any change, which the great public (the ultimate arbiter) opposes to all attempts at innovation? Is it not clear, from the way in which President Roosevelt's action has been received by his own countrymen, that this movement, like all the rest, is destined to prove abortive?"

To this I reply, in the first place, that we must not give too much heed to the cabled reports of opposition to the President's decree. When such an innovation is mooted, ridicule and contempt have always the first word—but not the last. No doubt the prejudice against reform is as violent among a certain class of Americans as it is here. This class lifted up its voice in instant execration; and the newspaper correspondents, always willing to report what they know will be agreeable to their readers, kept the cables humming with conservative outcries. But the class which actively resents all interference with prescriptive unreason is proportionately far smaller in America than it is here. We shall make a great mistake if we proceed on the assumption that the American public, as a whole, is deliberately opposed to reform. Indifferent they may be as yet, and, perhaps, humorously sceptical; but there are forces at work before which indifference and scepticism must rapidly give way. Even apart from the President's action, this movement is "backed" as no previous movement

has been. It has behind it (1) all expert opinion, the views of all the leading linguistic specialists on both sides of the Atlantic; (2) the views of a large number of professional educationists who rebel against the great waste of time (estimated at from one to two years of a child's life), and the painful training in unreason, involved in the imposition of our arbitrary spelling upon the rising generation; (3) the practical sense of the American people, to which the economy of effort and material implied in simplification must necessarily appeal; (4) the growing realization among the business community of the advantages that must ensue from making our language easy and agreeable, instead of hard and repellent, to foreigners. Add to these forces a fifth influence, by no means to be underrated—that of unlimited pecuniary means for the furtherance of the propaganda—and the most inveterate Conservative cannot but perceive that the movement, however deplorable, is certainly not negligible.

Let us realize, too—and the sooner the better—that English opposition will have less than no weight in America. There is a large party in the United States that is by no means too willing to listen to reason from this side of the water; there is no party whatever that is willing to listen to unreason, or to concede any claim on our part to an exclusive or preponderant authority over our common speech. Should England, as a whole, adopt a stubbornly hostile attitude towards the movement, her action might determine in favor of reform many American waverers; but it would not detach from the cause a single American adherent. There is even a party, though not, I think, a large one, that would hail with enthusiasm the opportunity for a linguistic Declaration of Independence and for the effective differentiation of American from English.

IV.

"But you are begging the whole question," it may be said, "in your assumption that English remonstrances against 'Simplified' spelling would and could be nothing but 'unreason,' to which America could not be expected to listen with patience." I do not for a moment mean that criticisms of the particular recommendations adopted by President Roosevelt, or of any other proposals that may from time to time be put forward, are necessarily unreasonable. On the contrary, it is the very purpose of this paper to urge that we may and must claim our equal share in determining what changes are advisable, and how they ought to be effected. But I do deliberately assert that the opposition to all change whatsoever is pure unreason. In other words, I believe there exists no reasonable argument against the *idea* of reform, unless it be that, in matters of spelling, unreason is necessarily stronger than reason. It is conceivable that this may be psychologically true, that experiment may show the inertia of the Anglo-Saxon mind to be proof, in this matter, against all assaults from the side either of logic or of expediency. I have already given my reasons for believing that, so far as America is concerned, this is not the case. But even if I am wrong, and if unreason should everywhere prove the stronger force, the mere assertion of its unconquerable supremacy can scarcely be called a reasonable argument.

For the rest, the stock argument against reform—that it would obscure the history of the language, and blind us to the etymology of the words we use—has long ago been abandoned by all who have given any real thought to the subject. It is disowned by the very people who, were there anything in it, would be the first to insist upon it—namely, the philologists and lan-

guage-historians. But it needs no appeal to authority to prove the emptiness of the argument. The history of the language is written in a thousand volumes, and can never be really lost or obscured; and the idea that our current spelling is, in any effective sense, a course of instruction in etymology, is patently false. I will not dwell on the numerous words (such as "sovereign," "rhyme," &c., &c.) in which the spelling suggests a mistaken etymology. That is a very minor matter; though it is to be noted that the people who cling to the etymology argument are as much opposed to the alteration of these words—to "soverain," or "soveran," "rime," &c.—as to any other alteration. The real point is that no one can know anything to the purpose about etymology who does not make a deliberate study of it, and that such study will be as easy after our spelling has been reformed as it is now. Moreover, even if the history of the language were written on the face of it much more clearly than in fact it is, the argument from etymology would still be a wholly disproportionate one. Of the millions who read and write the language, how many ever give a thought to its etymology, or can reasonably be expected to do so? Certainly not one in a hundred, probably not one in a thousand. Most children, perhaps, have learnt a few "derivations" at school; but in how many cases does this smattering of knowledge practically influence their use or enjoyment of their mother tongue? We may confidently answer: in a quite infinitesimal proportion. Even supposing, then, that the current spelling afforded a much more ready key to etymology than in fact it does, can it be reasonably pretended that a hundred million people who have no use for this key ought to be encumbered with it throughout life, simply for the convenience of the few hundred or

thousand scholarly persons whose etymological knowledge is really of value to them? The pretension is monstrous. Let the scholarly person provide himself with his own key at his own expense, as, in fact, he must do, however "historical" our spelling may be; and let us cease to compel the world-wide millions of English-speakers to carry about with them a cumbrous sham-key, which they do not want, which they cannot use, and which, if they could use it, would unlock nothing worth mentioning.

Far be it from me to flout etymology. I am myself a confirmed root-hunter, and such knowledge as I possess of the history of the language profoundly influences my use, and enhances my enjoyment, of it. But my knowledge of its history is not acquired from its spelling, and will not be lost to me should I live to see its spelling reformed.

Can any of my readers, who is capable of sincere introspection, look into his own mind and honestly report that the argument from etymology is anything more than a pretext cloaking his instinctive dislike for the uncouthness of reformed orthography? Can he maintain that his reason for wanting to see "program" spelt with the final "me" is his desire to have it recorded to all eternity that the word came to us through the French? I decline, in his own interest, to accept so foolish an explanation. With his plain, irrepressible shrinking from the uncouth physiognomy of "program," I have a great deal of sympathy, as I have with all human foibles; but I have neither sympathy nor respect for the self-deception, to use no harsher term, which would make unreasoning instinct masquerade as reasoned pedantry. We all shrink instinctively from the uncouthness of certain reformed spellings; we all have a certain amount of initial discomfort to get over. But a pro-

found etymologist like my imaginary opponent must, of course, be aware that "uncouth" really means nothing more than unfamiliar; and unfamiliarity is a drawback which time may always be trusted to correct.

V.

The ultimate purpose of my present argument will be satisfied if the reader will make a minimum concession and grant that, the current arguments against spelling reform being inadequate, the question is worthy of careful and dispassionate consideration. I, on my side, will grant, without any hesitation or reserve, the possibility that such consideration might reveal more valid counter-arguments than any hitherto advanced, and might conclude in favor of inaction, by showing us that the advantages of reform would be too dearly bought. I think this an improbable but not at all an impossible contingency. I not only admit, but insist, that the question is an extremely complex one, and that President Roosevelt and the Simplified Spelling Board seem inclined to underrate its difficulties.

President Roosevelt's action has been of the greatest value in simply forcing the question to the front. He has done more in ten minutes than any private person, or body of persons, could have done in ten years to unsettle the inert mass of unthinking prejudice and tradition. There is now no educated person who does not realize that the current spelling is seriously threatened and definitely on its defence; and that realization is a long stride towards reform. But as for the particular 300 words with which the President and his advisers propose to begin, I think we may at once admit that the intrinsic value of this reform, even as a tentative, interim measure, is very doubtful, and that at the point to which it

leads us no pause can possibly be made.

The list, to put it briefly, creates almost as many anomalies as it removes. If one *g* is to be dropped in "wagon" and "fagot," why are two *c*'s to be retained in "succor" and "hiccup," two *d*'s in "address," two *n*'s in "reconnolter," and so forth. If the silent *e* is to be omitted in "adz," "ax," and "wo," why is it to be retained in "defense," "offense," "license," and "clue"? If the *e* is needed in "clue" to give the *u* its *oo* sound, then it must also be needed in "thru." Why not write "cloo," "throo," "roomor," &c., reserving for *u* the sound which it has in "sulfur," "luster," "bun," and "pur"? If *e* is to be dropped after the *s* in "sithe" and "simitar," why is it to be retained in "scepter"? To plead its etymology, and allege that we want to be reminded of *skeptron*, is to play into the hands of the enemy. And why does not the list contain the word "science," and other derivatives of the Latin "scio"? Surely we cannot make too great haste to get rid of the *e* in this large class of words. Again, for the sake of dropping a single letter, why countenance such an anomaly as a soft *g* before a consonant in "abridgment," "acknowledgment," and "judgment"? If we are enjoined to write "licorice," why not also "licor"? This list of queries might be indefinitely extended; and every such inconsistency merely places a new burden upon the memory.

The Simplified Spelling Board will doubtless reply that we must not look for consistency in a provisional and tentative list, specially devised so as not to shock people by too violent departures from accepted forms. The plea does not seem to me sound. On the one hand, nothing could well shock people more than "thru," "thruout," "saber," "gazel," "catalog," "decalog," and "maneuver." On the other hand, it is better to run the risk of shocking

people by consistent and complete reform of one or two classes of words, than to bewilder them by partial and inconsistent tamplings with many classes. For instance, had the list included the whole of that very troublesome group of words which ends in "ieve," "eive," "eave," and "eeve"—"beleev," "deceev," "receev," "greev," "heev," "reev," "eev," "repreev," "weev," "cleev," &c.—the most bigoted Conservative could not have denied the simplification, however acute the agony it might have caused him. Or, again, had the Board had the courage to drop the silent and functionless *e* wherever it occurred (the *e* in "dike" or "raze" is not functionless), there, again, the simplification would have been manifest. But glaring inconsistencies should at all hazards have been avoided. Conservatism should have found no excuse for saying "Better arbitrary tradition than arbitrary innovation!"

But my criticism of the methods of the Simplified Spelling Board goes much deeper than this. I think the Board is right in holding that the public mind must be gradually accustomed to reform, but wrong in believing that reform must come, or can come, piecemeal, through a slow series of tentative alterations. What is the process forecast by the Board? It has, as we have seen, issued a list of 300 simplified spellings which it recommends for immediate adoption; and it proposes, from time to time, as it shall judge opportune, to issue further lists of a similar nature. If, then, these recommendations are accepted and put in practice, we shall have, for an indefinite space of time, a language in constant process of alteration. We shall have to change our dictionaries with our diaries, year by year. Children and adults alike, we shall have to be constantly burdening our minds with fresh innovations. Even when we have learnt a new form, we may have

to unlearn it again in a few months or a few years; for it is manifest that many of the 300 words of the first list appear in a provisional, not in a final, form. This state of things will continue until the Simplified Spelling Board is satisfied with its work, and feels that no further simplification is desirable. But where is the guarantee that its satisfaction will be shared by the English-speaking world? Long before this point is reached, indeed, we shall have rival Simplified Spelling Boards appointing themselves, and issuing their lists of recommendations, more radical or less radical as the case may be. In short, if the Simplified Spelling Board carries out the policy it at present forecasts, it will (if, and in so far as, it produces any effect at all) bring about an indefinite and intolerable period of orthographic chaos.

We cannot too clearly recognize, I think, that a practically fixed standard of spelling has become a necessity to the modern mind. There may always be, as there is at present, a small margin of debatable words; but we cannot go back to the sheer anarchy of the sixteenth century, when every writer spelt according to his taste and fancy, and when the same word might quite well appear in three or four different forms on the same printed page. Our shrinking from uncouthness in orthography is a psychological datum not to be argued away; and, in a state of constant flux, we should never for a moment be safe from the shock of new uncouthnesses. Moreover, we may quite reasonably demand, before we consent to embark upon spelling reform at all, that we should see clearly whither 'it is ultimately to lead us. For these reasons (and for others which will presently appear) I suggest that the Simplified Spelling Board, having, with the potent assistance of President Roosevelt, secured for spelling reform a prominent place in the Order of the

Day, should now alter its tactics, and instead of employing itself in issuing lists of more or less haphazard simplifications, should agitate for the establishment, by some body fairly representing the whole English-speaking world, of a practical standard of reformed spelling, based upon a thorough study of the problem in all its aspects, linguistic, political, literary, and commercial. Such a standard once set up, we should, at any rate, know whither we were going; and reform would be "gradually" introduced, not by partial and inconsistent tinkering with established usage, but by the teaching of the new spelling in schools, and its adoption in an ever-increasing number of publications and parts of publications. If, for instance, each of the leading newspapers began by printing a column a day in the new spelling, it might be left to spread over the rest of the paper, slowly or rapidly according as the taste of the readers might decree.

This, then, is the point at which I have all along been aiming—the advisability, nay, the necessity, of a definite pronouncement on spelling reform by a special body, so constituted as to command the respect of the whole English-speaking world. I shall have something to say presently of the possible constitution of such a body, and of the incidental advantages which would ensue from calling it into existence. But before touching upon these points, I must try to make clear what I conceive to be a fundamental principle, frequently overlooked, and sometimes denied, in the discussion of spelling reform.

VI.

The reader may have noted, possibly with surprise, that the word "phonetic" never occurs in the foregoing pages. Many people imagine that the sole, or only reasonable, issue lies be-

tween our accepted spelling and a scientifically "phonetic" system. This is not the view of the Simplified Spelling Board, which explicitly declares "phonetic" reform to be "absolutely impossible." It is so far from being my view that if I thought spelling reform was leading us in the direction of a truly phonetic system, I would at once go over to the stagnationists and write "programme" and "prologue" to my dying day.

A phonetic system implies the adoption of a special symbol for every articulate sound ever produced by any English-speaking person, so that whoever had mastered the alphabet should be able almost automatically to transfer to paper his own particular pronunciation of every word in the language. That is the ideal, the only logical, development of phonetic spelling. Supposing, now, that it were possible, what would be the result of placing such an instrument as this phonetic alphabet in the hands of every English-speaking person, and encouraging him or her to use it? The inevitable result would be an extremely rapid disintegration of the language, which would soon render even contiguous districts unintelligible to each other. Indeed, if any two counties wished to remain mutually intelligible, they could, in the long run, achieve that end only by abandoning truly phonetic spelling and agreeing to accept a standard orthography which should remain unaffected by local and individual variations. Why, it may be asked, should dialects diverge more widely under a phonetic system than they do at present? After premising that few of us realize how widely dialects do diverge, I answer that their divergence would become ever wider for lack of the constant restraint and correction now supplied by the standard written speech. What led to the break-up of Latin into the various romance languages of the

Mediterranean basin? Simply the fact that in centuries of almost universal illiteracy there was no check upon the phonetic variation which is always going on in every language, but which was in this case hastened, no doubt, by the frequent irruptions into the Roman Empire of barbarian invaders and settlers. The standard language existed, indeed, but was inaccessible either to the ear or to the eye of the vast majority of men. Pronunciation, then, shifted from decade to decade, and took a different trend in every geographical section of the Latin-speaking world; slovenlinesses and corruptions entirely supplanted standard forms, the very existence of which were forgotten; and it was only when the vernacular literatures arose to give relative fixity to a certain number of the innumerable dialects that the process of degradation was checked. But to give every man the means, and to concede to him the right, of spelling exactly as he pronounces, would be to remove the checks on degradation as completely as if he neither wrote nor spelt at all. Phonetic individualism would presently result in a state of sheer linguistic delinquency.

This, of course, is an absolutely unthinkable eventuality. Even if a truly phonetic system could be introduced, it would be impossible for every parish, or every county, to have its own literature and its own transcription of the English classics. Linguistic crystalization would take place over larger or smaller areas. We might have, perhaps, five languages in Great Britain; the languages of Wessex, of East Anglia, of Mercia, of Northumbria, and of Caledonia. But each of these languages would represent a compromise between various sub-dialects, and would be, in fact, an only quasi-phonetic, standard language. And if any one imagines that the Bible, or Shakespeare, spelt quasi-phonetically

for the use of the West of England, could be read without difficulty and disgust by a Yorkshireman or a Scot (not to mention a Californian or a Queenslander), all I can say is that he imagines a vain thing.¹

No phoneticist, it may be said, contemplates such phonetic individualism as would lead to the results I have sketched. I answer that many people believe in, and demand, a phonetic system of spelling, as a short and simple way out of all difficulties, without in the least realizing what it practically implies, and with no foresight of the complications and disasters in which it would involve us. There are some phoneticists, however, who, if I understand them aright, would introduce, instead of phonetic licence, what may rather be called phonetic tyranny. They believe that by adopting a standard language, and spelling it and teaching it phonetically all the world over, we could stamp out all local variations, and make the language of Melbourne, London, and San Francisco—nay, more, the language of Stoke Pogis, Auchtermuchty, and Killaloe—absolutely one and the same. The physical possibility of this ideal—how far it is possible, or even desirable, to arrest phonetic variation over an unlimited area and during unlimited time—I shall not attempt to discuss. It is sufficient for my present purpose to point out its psychological or political impossibility. What form of English is to be accepted as the standard form, and to swallow up all the rest? The English of Oxford? or of Boston? The English of Inverness? or of Stratford-atte-Bowe? The millennium will indeed be at hand

when America sets itself to acquire the British twang, or when the Western States take their pronunciation from New England, or Glasgow from London, or Limerick from Belfast. Or are we to conceive the whole English-speaking world sitting down to master an ideal system of pronunciation, not actually practised anywhere, but invented by a professor of phonetics in the seclusion of his study? All possible alternatives (if the bull may be forgiven) are equally impossible. The science of phonetics is extremely interesting and useful, and the introduction of phonetic methods into education may, in process of time, one willingly admits, do a great deal to moderate the extravagances of local dialects. Perhaps, even, in the course of centuries, phonetic training, combined with greatly-increased facilities for travel and intercommunication, may beget a composite international pronunciation which will dominate the whole English-speaking world, very much as the English of the educated man, specially characteristic of no one locality, has, during the past century, widely established itself over the British Isles. But at the present juncture in the history of the English language, any attempt at the general introduction of phonetic spelling would bring us within measurable distance of a linguistic divergence and disunion, which would be nothing less than a disaster to civilization. If I do not think the danger very serious, it is only because I am confident that the moment any scheme for "phonetic" reform comes to be considered in detail, its impracticability will be manifest to all.

¹ The other day, in a Scotch railway train, I listened to a conversation between a Cockney of the shopman class and a Perthshire grazier, or game-keeper. They had quite amazing difficulty in understanding each other. Not a single vowel sound did they produce alike; and it seemed evident to me that the process by

which they did arrive at mutual comprehension was a speculative mental translation, often very slow, of the spoken into the printed word. Thus the visual word "game" formed a sort of bridge, or half-way house, between the Cockney's "gyme" and the Scotchman's "gääme."

VII.

This, then, seems to me a fundamental principle: that our reformed spelling must not seek to represent with scientific accuracy the actual pronunciation of any locality or of any class. If there should prove to be no convenient halting-place between our present ultra-conventional spelling and a purely phonetic system, then, for my part, I say: "Let us e'en halt where we are." But this seems to me almost incredible. We may do away with hundreds and thousands of anomalies without coming anywhere near phonetic accuracy, or appearing to sanction phonetic individualism.

The question is purely one of convenience: what form of spelling can most advantageously be adopted in order to facilitate the mastering of the language by children and by foreigners, and so to enhance its usefulness as a world-wide medium of social, literary, scientific, and commercial intercourse? This, I suggest, is the question that should be referred to an International Conference, Congress, or Commission, which, fairly representing all the communities and all the interests concerned, should speak with as near an approach to authority as is possible or desirable in our democratic world. Any measure that should tend to the disintegration of the language, or the accentuation of local divergences, would, of course, be ruled out by the very terms of the reference.

How is such a body to be called into existence? It would be an impertinence on my part to offer more than the roughest and most tentative suggestions; yet suggestions of some sort are desirable, if only to make the idea more definite. Perhaps, then, as President Roosevelt has given the first strong impetus to the whole movement, the invitations to the Conference might most fitly proceed from Wash-

ington. As a deliberative body of this nature ought not to be too large, perhaps from thirty to forty-five might be thought a fitting number for the Orthographic Parliament. Seeing, then, that the English-speaking world falls roughly into three parts, the British Isles, the British Colonies, and the United States, the suggestion might be that each of these three sections should send ten, or twelve, or fifteen delegates to the Conference. Each country might decide for itself the method of selecting its delegates. The Conference once formed, it should be its duty to produce not merely a report on the principles and methods to be observed in spelling reform, but an actual dictionary, or spelling-book, establishing the rationalized form of every word in the current literary language. I have tried to show above, and I here repeat, that a fixed standard is indispensable, and that any margin of dubiety that may be left must be a very small one.

It is not inconceivable, I again admit, that after a careful sifting of the whole subject, the Conference might find the difficulties of reform greater than the advantages, and might report in favor of very few changes, or none at all. Even in that case a great point would be gained by the authoritative discouragement of further agitation. But if, as is far more probable, the principle of reform were definitely adopted, there would remain countless difficulties of detail to be solved. Would it be necessary to add fresh letters to the alphabet? Or to admit accented letters? One earnestly hopes that neither would be found indispensable, but that digraphs and double vowels would meet all necessities. By the time this point was decided, the Conference would be half way through its labors. In regard to many individual words, the question would arise whether a slovenly or slurred pro-

nunciation had become so universal that it ought to be perpetuated in the new spelling. For example, should we write "bizness" or "bizness"? In this case, since absolutely no one, I take it, who speaks English as his mother tongue, makes the word a trisyllable, the Conference might probably decide in favor of "bizness." So, too, the *i* would almost certainly drop out in "parliament" and "marriage." But the general rule should be, I suggest, that where some people drop or slur a sound, while others do not, spelling should favor the fuller form. Thus all *r*'s and almost all aspirates would be retained; while in such a word as "often," the *t* would remain, even though there might be reason to believe that a majority of English-speakers pronounced it "offen." In a certain very small number of words it might be necessary to sanction both an English and an American form; for instance, "leftenant" and "lootenant," "dyooty" and "dooty." But it should never be forgotten that the business of the Conference would be to produce a Spelling-Book, not a Pronouncing Dictionary. Its aim would be to minimize anomalies, and to represent in the spelling of any given word a fair approximation to the utterance most generally current among educated people. But it would scarcely attempt to abolish all anomalies, and it certainly would not pretend to make its spelling an infallible and universally imperative guide to pronunciation.

One could go on indefinitely suggesting points for discussion. The two or three which I have mentioned are merely specimens of the class of problems which would confront the Conference.

Perhaps some of my readers, even of those who are not hostile to the idea of spelling reform, may think that the suggested Conference would mean the application of a vast mechanism to

a comparatively trifling task. To this objection my answer is twofold.

First, the completer adaptation of the English language to the great mission which history has thrust upon it is surely no trifling matter. Still less is it a trifling end to avert the linguistic disruption which would certainly ensue if one section of the English-speaking world took measures of spelling reform independently and in defiance of the others. It cannot be said that this is a wholly improbable contingency. Even if, from the point of view of, say, an astral intelligence, spelling reform be a delusion and a snare, it has, at any rate, such a surface show of reason and convenience on its side that, sooner or later, and somewhere or other, some community of English-speakers is certain to yield to its fascinations. Linguistic experts are agreed that it is "bound to come"; and everything points to the probability that, on the other side of the Atlantic, its coming is imminent. If this be so, there are the traditional three courses open to us. We can stubbornly reject it, and make up our minds to an ever-widening and ultimately complete differentiation of the American and the English languages. Or we can look sulkily on while America takes her own measures, and then follow, grumbling, in her wake. Or we can go out to meet reform with a good grace, and claim our just share in the ordering of its details. Surely the last is the one wise and dignified method of achieving an end which it is absurd to call trivial—the permanent and world-wide unity of the English tongue.

But even were this end far more trivial than it actually is, the proposed Conference would still be eminently desirable. It would be a good thing, an excellent thing, in itself, however slight the benefit directly derived from it. At the lowest and least,

it would be a triumph of deliberate reason over dull inertia, and that on a question which, owing to an inveterate foible of human nature, is peculiarly apt to generate bad blood between kinsfolk. It would be an energetic affirmation of the solidarity of the English-speaking peoples, and of their will,

The Fortnightly Review.

as well as their right, to deliberate in common on questions concerning their common welfare. It would be the first, but surely not the last, Pan-Anglican Witenagemote. It would be a step—and no such very short one—towards “the Parliament of Man, the federation of the world.”

William Archer.

BETWEEN THE CATARACTS.

NOTES FROM AN EGYPTIAN DIARY.)

I.

At last, after many weary waitings, our little neat stern-wheeler emerges from the last great lock of the Assouan dam, and passes out of Egypt into Nubia. Each of those three mighty gates has swung open and closed again to the swift turns of a handle, and the rising water has lifted us stage by stage to the summit of the great granite wall. Far off it stretches, that great barrier, right across to the distant eastern bank,—above, a lake, below, a scattered, broken, network of streams. On this side there is silence, but away to the east, through a dozen open gates, the January Nile of Egypt rushes through with the tumult and uproar of many waters.

Here flowed the famous First Cataract in the savage beauty of its utter freedom, tossing its crests of white foam between its islands of blackened granite, and swirling in its myriad whirlpools down from rugged Nubia into the green meadow-lands of Egypt. Its beauty is now a story that has been told. Tamed and girdled, its daily flow is appointed for it every morning by the man of quick speech and few words who now explains to us the working of the mighty machine.

Figure the Nile as a great artery, and the dam as a tourniquet. There, in a lonely white house of stone on the eastern bank, dwells the engineer

from England who by a touch of the hand can tighten or relax the flow of Egypt's life-blood.

Every morning the message flashes across the wire to Cairo: “How much water do you want?” Back comes the measure, anticipating by ten days the needs of a whole nation.

According to that word a gate is opened or closed, a little more let through, or a little more withheld. Until at last, in May and June, a great cry for water goes up from the whole land; and then all the gates are opened, the stored water is let loose, and the Nile again flows free.

II.

The little *Indiana*, or small floating palace, speeds merrily across the great open waters, rejoicing to be free from the winding shallows and shifting sand-banks of the lower Nile. The great river seems full to the very brim. The checked waters, almost as still and currentless as a lake, have covered the strip of green on either side, and accept no banks save the rich orange and yellow sands of the desert. The fringe of palm trees is not quite covered, but the water rises half-way up the trunks, and the tall trees emerge from the flood rather woeful and forlorn, their beautiful crests bowing to

the north wind and leaning towards the water as if smitten with a hopeless disease. In a few years all must go, as the trunks are slowly weakened with the action of the water.

The arable land of Nubia has been sacrificed to Egypt for at least a hundred miles. What has happened to the people?

We scan the shores closely, sitting on deck in the warm sunshine, as we steam southward all the afternoon into the Tropics. The villages are still there, but they are now higher up, well away from the water, built on the waste desert itself. The mud-brick houses are new, and for the moment seem smart enough.

Our Dragoman, himself a Nubian,—long-robed, thick-featured, with the smile of a child and the carriage of a nobleman—stands at my elbow.

"What do they do?" I asked.

"At present, nothing. Between April and July the Nile goes down with the opening of the dam. They can then sow and reap; but now they can only sit and look on. The men go away to Cairo to be sailors or porters; only women and children are left."

"Did they not complain?"

"Oh, yes. They wrote to the King [I merely repeat what he said], and he interfered. They got £25 to £30 for every cottage destroyed, and £1 for every palm tree. But their work is gone; their life is nothing."

"It seems a heavy price for the good of Egypt."

"What would you? It was the will of the Government. They are but poor people."

And his shoulders bow with the submission learnt of five thousand years.

Far away to the east we see groups of columns, the remnant of ancient temples, standing out above the water. It is what remains of Philæ. That exquisite island, the gem of the Nile, the holy place of ancient and mysterious

rites, the green refuge of the oppressed, the Egyptian island of saints, has gone beneath the waters. The world has lost one of its most beautiful treasures. Now a boat will take you, gondola-wise, between the emerging pylons and capitals, and you can still see the delicate coloring and exquisite curves of the Ptolemaic capitals. But Philæ, the island of Philæ,—the island which Lady Duff-Gordon declared to be the "most lovely object" that her eyes had ever seen—that has gone for ever.

III.

The country passes before us as in a moving panorama. How different it is from Egypt! There we were always journeying through a green land girt in with brown and gray cliffs, narrow indeed, but always brilliant in its emerald dress, and full of the sounds of life,—the shouts of men, the creak of the water-wheels, the cries of birds, and the plaintive roaring of the camel. But here all is silence and desolation. Even the desert sands, scorched and glaring in the sun, soon give way to shores of bare, precipitous rock, now rising from a scant margin of green, and then closing in on either side like the gates of another world. In a few hours we shall reach the Tropic of Cancer, but we seem rather to be heading north into some arctic region.

Just before sunset the throb of our stern wheel grows slower, and we drift into the bank at a patch of green. A cluster of Nubians, mainly women and children,—pitch-black, broad-nosed, the women gaudily decorated with silver rings in ear and nostril, the children almost naked—instantly gather, as if from nowhere, about the bank. There is much shouting and chanting of sailors,—*Allah! Wally Allah! Wally Allah!*—before our boat is effectively moored. Then we bustle ashore, our little party of seven, and press along a

narrow pathway through the green crops to where a half-ruined wall, the relic of an ancient temple, stands out against the violet sky.

For Nubia has her temples, too, as well as Egypt; and the Pharaohs, though but precarious conquerors of that barren land, often left their mark. But time has proved a potent despoiler. Nubia has ever been the great pathway of armies. There have been quick quakings of the earth, suddenly destructive of long labors; and ever there has been the slow, sure warfare of the desert sands, multitudinous messengers of oblivion, an unceasing stream of Lethe.

Here and there on the waste, where many more lie buried, a few fragments have been uncovered,—a pylon, a few lotus-columns, or a sanctuary, with its chipped and smoke-blackened sculptures, alone in the solitude, making the desolation more desolate.

We saw three such temples that evening. Out of all the memories of their sculptured walls, one stands out vividly. It is the frieze of the conquered Ethiopians on the walls of Bet-el-Wall.

The Egyptian sculptor,—let me say it boldly—is for the most part the slave of a wearisome convention. In nine out of ten Egyptian temples the sculptures and statues are the expressions of an art bound in the fetters of a double tyranny,—the tyranny of priest and king. The poor sculptors could not help themselves. Rigid laws were passed to bar them from nature. They were forced to represent Egyptian man, not as he truly was, but as the Egyptian Pharaohs and priests willed him to be. But now and again, very rarely, they escaped from the tyranny. Their great chance came when some new race of men rose into view. An Egyptian citizen, for instance, must be represented by a cer-

tain conventional figure,—in a statue, with left leg and arm stiffly put forward, in a sculpture, standing sideways, but with both shoulders impossibly prominent. A negro, however, “a vile son of Cush,” could be pictured as he really walked and lived; for the moment art was unshackled, the Egyptian Fra Lippo Lippi went free.

And thus, here, on the walls of Bet-el-Wall, we can see the curly-headed, thick-lipped, child-faced, gay, unlucky negro, just as he is to-day in Central Africa, sitting, walking, running, lighting his fire, fighting with bows and arrows. In another frieze we can see all the rich produce of his wonderful country as he brings it to the Pharaoh,—monkeys, lions, tusks of ivory, ostrich feathers and ostrich eggs. All these sculptures are delicately and truly wrought, and prove to us beyond doubt that the Central Africans of four thousand years ago—the “blameless Ethiopians”—were precisely what they are to-day.¹ That frieze is a treasure more precious than rubies.

IV.

We have been steaming ever since daybreak. Nubia smiles at us to-day. We have almost passed the flood region of the Assouan dam, and the palm trees are now often clear of the water. The green arable land is peeping up, still sometimes half-flooded, and here and there we can see peasants working. The merry water-wheel, the ancient *sakkyeh*, with that creaking melody which you hate at first and love ever afterwards, is always turning, turning; and as the patient buffalo goes on his ceaseless round, his driver shouts merry greetings from the bank.

Soon we pass into another region.

¹ The sculptures date from the time of Ramesses the Second. There is a colored cast of them in the Egyptian section of the British Museum.

On the west bank the sands of the desert,—dull gold with now and again a cross-current of red—have devoured the green land. Streaming on from the vast desert behind, they outvie the glacier in potency. Between them and humanity there is no truce; the land redeemed this year may be swallowed up by them the next. That beautiful desert, stretching its sleek length to the distant horizon, knows no mercy even to this poor narrow, green salvage of the Nile.

But it is the view on the east bank that arrests us. There, for many miles, stretch rows of low, black hills, volcano-like in shape, but with sharp summits; below them and around, as we found on landing, the desert is scattered with lava stones. At one time this must have been the scene of some great volcanic outburst. Fretting the blue sky, these peaks recall the form of the Great Pyramids at Memphis. May it be that the sight of those hills first suggested to the early Pharaohs the form of the Pyramids?

At sunset we climb the hill at Korosko, breaking loose from dragoman and captain, who croak dolefully of devouring hyenas. Looking down, we can see the whole great bend of the Nile at Korosko, in all the majesty of its enormous sweep. As we gaze, the southern hills change to purple, and then into utter blackness, outlined against the vivid glow of the sunset sky. The Libyan desert catches the reflection; the expanse of sand flushes red like the Alps after sundown, and passes through every shade of amber and orange into the dead gloom of night.

V.

To-day we have seen Abu Simbel, one of the wonders of the world.

We had steamed for eight hours between banks far more prosperous than

we have seen of late, groves of high palm trees, hedges of castor-oil bushes and henna trees, with always that margin of light green crops, barley, lentil, durrah, or lupins, which is the chief wealth of the country. The Nile is much lower and the current more rapid; the people are better clothed and housed.

The day has been very hot, and we are sitting on the upper deck, where the cool following wind from the north tempers the rays of the tropical sun. An English tea, with white napery, is laid out for us by our white-robed Arabs, while from below comes the beat of the tom-tom and the rhythmic chant of our happy-hearted crew.

The Arabian hills gradually draw nearer the river, until a big spur boldly thrusts forward to the very bank of the Nile. The *Indiana* slackens speed, and, nearing the bank, approaches the bare face of these brown precipices.

Suddenly, out of the very rock above the fringe of palms and undergrowth, two great figures seem to be striding towards us with eyes looking beyond us to the east. These are the smaller of the rock-cut statues, and they stand in front of a temple dedicated by Rameses to Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, in token of his love for his favorite wife Nefertari.²

The boat takes us swiftly by, and moors in front of another group, twice as great, and cut out of a greater cliff.³ There are four figures in this group, all identical, seated, with hands spread out on colossal knees and open eyes gazing eastward. We have already seen that face so often in statues and sculptures that we cannot mistake it. It is Rameses the Second, Rameses the Magnificent, at once the Augustus and the Louis Quatorze of Egypt. He is here in the full prime and maturity

¹ They are thirty-three feet in height.

² They are sixty-five feet in height, and twenty-five feet across the chest.

of his strength, a picture of confident, reposeful, majestic power.

All the four figures are cut out of the living rock, and the southernmost of the four is still perfect. Across the face runs the grain of the red sandstone, seeming to give a flush of life to the cheek. The second statue from the south has been shattered from the waist upwards by some remote earthquake, and the upper half lies in chaotic ruin at the foot. To the north of this gapes the great door hewn out of the rock into the temple within. It is flanked beyond by the other two colossal, also somewhat shattered by time, but with their faces intact,—always the same face, calm and majestic. The shin of the fourth statue has but lately broken away, and the whole figure threatens to crumble. One knee and the seat of the fourth statue are shored up by little walls of stone. They were placed there more than three thousand years ago by the pious hand of Sethos the First, the grandson of Rameses. Travelling up the Nile to this outlying corner of his empire, he found his grandfather's temple already falling into neglect, and,—doubtless after much scolding of the priests—repaired it before returning to Thebes.

How have these statues, then, survived with so little loss from that day to the present? The answer is simple: they have been preserved, literally mummified, in sand.

Look up westward from the shore. Between the two hollowed rock-temples a great glacier of red sand runs down, perpetually invasive, from the Libyan desert. This was the sand-shroud that hid the statues when Burckhardt dug them out in 1813; this is the shroud that would soon hide them again but for the perpetual labor of man.

We climb the sand-hill and gaze at Rameses's face from the level of its

sixty-five feet. It is a very living presentment. There is still the curve and smoothness of a human countenance at its best. With all their exceeding strength, there is little sign of cruelty in those eyes. There is even a certain benignity, or at least a serenity, as of one whose strength enabled him to despise the meaner acts of smaller rulers. Rameses may have been ruthless, and was certainly vain, but he does not look as if he could have ever been mean.

VI.

In the afternoon and evening we explored the dim recesses of these hollowed mountains, these cave-temples floored and roofed and walled by the very earth herself.

A perpetual gloom lurks in their vast halls and aisles, and they have become the habitation of owls and bats. The bats are everywhere. As you grope your way in the gloom, with only the glimmer of your candle to break the darkness, you can hear the soft whisper of their wings, and feel every now and then the glancing touch of their flitting bodies.

Out of this gloom there gradually emerge definite pictured shapes. The temple of Nefertari is dedicated to the beauty of one cherished woman. On all the walls there winds a succession of beautiful forms, Isis, Hathor, and Nefertari; three exquisite women winding in and out as in some beautiful dance, slim, graceful, small-featured, gentle creatures, with the soft blue and yellow tints still on their robes and hair,—Nefertari offering gifts of the slender lotus flowers to the goddesses—the goddesses in their turn blessing Nefertari, or pouring over her a fountain of life and beauty as she stands between them, like Danaë beneath the shower of gold.

But the best is yet to come.

Later in the evening, when the stars

are out, we switch the electric power of our little motor on to the lamps now placed within the big temple of Rameses, and we are able to go within and see, as never man until this year has seen, this temple.

As we approach in the darkness, and see the light flooding from within the heart of the mountain, we seem about to disturb the priests at some great service of praise. And then comes a moment of awe and mystery. As one stands at the door the eye strikes down a vista between two rows of mighty columns, four on each side, thirty feet in height. The light falls on their capitals, and reveals once more the face of Rameses, strong, patient, serene. With folded arms holding the Osirian flail, and crook of power, he bears on his Atlantean shoulders the weight of a mountain, as he has borne it for four thousand years.

The eye passes down the vista, beyond these columns, to dark shadowy spaces, where inner chambers and sanctuaries penetrate into the very bowels of the earth. Slowly, as the eyes grow accustomed to the cloistered gloom of those recesses, there emerges out of the shadows a strange, shapeless, and yet human group. There are four figures, and they are seated on a stone seat in front of a low altar, both cut, like themselves, out of the living rock. There they sit motionless, and yet they seem to be gazing towards us. But as we come nearer we discover with a sort of horror that they are all blind and featureless, battered and bruised out of all facial semblance to humanity.

Then, as one gazes, the very ruin of these poor features lends a new touch of mystery. They seem to be looking at us through a veil. They look down the vista as through a thick, enveloping cloud of darkness. They seem to typify some cruel, hidden power, waiting here, in the heart of the moun-

tain, through long ages, for the tribute of some awful sacrifice.

To us it is the Twilight of the Gods.

But it is not so to Rameses; to him it is the welcome to the dawn, the glorification of the rising sun. For these figures are so precisely oriented that in certain weeks of the year, in February and March, the first rays of the rising sun strike through the great doorway, right athwart the great hall and sanctuaries beyond, on to the very faces of the seated figures.

Call it Osiris or Amen-Ra, or what they will, the real god of Egypt was ever the sun.

We go outside, oppressed by the heavy air within the mountain, and pass into the night. Above, the black vault of heaven glistens and twinkles with myriads of stars. Below, distinct in the silvery starlight, the great, mysterious river, mother of many empires, flows, dark and silent, towards the sea. We look back at the great rock. There, high above us, its outline looms black against the sky, massive, immense. Bright against that black background the light streams from the temple door, as if from a crowded cathedral; you almost expect to hear the strains of some solemn anthem or sacred chants. No sound comes. For thirty-five centuries the voices of those who hewed that fane have fallen silent; but the work of their hands endures, and will endure so long as the hills remain.

VII.

Next afternoon we stood at the utmost limit of our journey, and looked southward from the summit of Abu Sir into the vast desert of the Soudan. A hundred feet below us, at the foot of a sheer rock, flows the Nile, scattered and broken into a hundred streams. Now a rapid, and now a stagnant backwater, it forces a way through that vast waste of shining black granite

rocks, tumbled and scattered like mighty pebbles, which forms the Second Cataract. The sun shone fiercely, and a glowing heat brooded over all. Beyond the blue river stretched the beautiful, illimitable waste of yellow sand, almost golden in the sunlight. The long horizon cut the blue sky, sharp and defined like the edge of ocean. There was only one break in that perfect round; far away to the south stood up two high peaks, clear and black against the blue sky, abrupt, solitary, remote.

Macmillan's Magazine.

The Peaks of Dongola our dragoman called them, and they mark the road to that distant land. They may be fifty miles away, but they seem to stand on the edge of the world.

Those peaks still call. As we turned slowly back to rejoin our little steamer at Wadi Halfa for the homeward voyage, they seemed to send to us from afar the thrill of that mysterious Nile-passion which has led so many on,—the passion to travel ever on and on, beyond the Cataracts, to those vast, far-distant river-wells.

Harold Spender.

WILD WHEAT.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). AUTHOR OF "LYCHGATE HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TROUBLE.

Late one September afternoon Peter walked quietly homeward through the plantation, pleasantly tired after a long round.

The sun was just setting, and the undermost twigs of the fir-trees seemed to radiate fire while their heads were in gloom; it was that season of the year when the life of Nature, destined soon to wane, seems at its fullest. The land without had given abundant yield of golden provender, and many stubble-fields lay ruddy, for a brief space expectant of the plough. Here in the woods were yellowing bracken and russet-crested moss; primrose and amber tipped the feathery tufts of the larches, silver and gold trembled in delicate leafage on the birches; hip and haw vied with each other in the profusion of their corals; long tendrils of bryony, gay with multitudinous jewels, festooned themselves from bush to bush.

And through all this wealth strode Peter, a poor man, working with his hands for his daily bread; yet telling

himself this very evening that he asked no more of Fate. Was not this the natural life, after all? To live solitary, with the woman his mate; to toil for both until every muscle of his vigorous young body received its meed of exercise, and to come home at nightfall to a smiling face, a simple meal, and well-earned rest.

Mingling with the aromatic woodland odors he soon perceived another, as familiar to his nostrils, and by association even as pleasant—the slightly acrid smell of wood-smoke. Peter insensibly quickened his pace; yonder was the little home, the tiny human kingdom wrested from the dominion of wild nature; yonder was Prue awaiting him—Prue, his wife; yonder he would soon find another little life even more intimately his—how strange it would be to hear a child's voice when he drew near home!

He smiled to himself. Little Prue! Why, she was a child herself. It would be pretty to see her playing the mother.

Now the firelit windows twinkled through the trees; a few paces more,

and his hand was on the latch, and there, as he expected, stood Prue awaiting him.

But not, as he had pictured her, with a smile on her lips; on the contrary, she looked grave and anxious.

"A letter has come for you," she said; "a letter from Mr. Bunning. It was enclosed in one to me, and he told me to prepare you for bad news when I gave it to you."

"My mother!" exclaimed Peter, blanching.

"No, not your mother—your brother Godfrey—"

"Ill?" inquired he. "Give me the letter at once."

Prue obeyed, but clung to his hand a moment as he was about to open it.

"It is very bad news, Peter."

"He is dead!" said Peter.

She slipped her hand through his arm, but, acting on some strange, almost savage, impulse, Peter shook her off.

"I must be by myself," he cried, and went outside to read the letter by the waning light.

The Rector, after a brief preamble, imparted the sad tidings very concisely. Godfrey had met his death by a most lamentable accident. He was riding along the road on his favorite chestnut horse, and in some inexplicable manner the animal had thrown him. It was supposed that the horse had possibly crossed its legs or tripped over a loose pebble; in either event it had come home riderless, with its knees dreadfully cut, and Godfrey had been found lying stone-dead by the wayside, having struck his temple against a heap of stones.

Peter could hardly believe the evidence of his own eyes. That Godfrey should die thus! Godfrey, the daring rider, who from boyhood had been renowned for the security of his seat, who was famed in the hunting-field for extraordinary feats of horseman-

ship—that he should fall from his saddle on the high road like any tipsy farmer, that he should be killed all in a moment by a tumble on a heap of stones! Godfrey! Godfrey! It was incredible!

His favorite chestnut horse! Of course, it was Goldleaf—Goldleaf did sometimes cross his legs. Peter himself had warned Godfrey that it was dangerous to use him as a roadster, but Godfrey only laughed.

Why, Godfrey had been riding Goldleaf on the very day when he had last seen him—Peter's wedding-day; he remembered his face as he passed him; even in the dusk he had taken note of its expression of mingled shame and scorn. And that was the last time!

His glance reverted to the Rector's letter:

"The past cannot be recalled," wrote Mr. Bunning, "but the future remains for expiation and atonement. Your own good feeling will tell you what to do. Your mother is left childless, but for you. Go to her now, Peter; go to her in her heavy sorrow, and you will not be repulsed. The only way in which you can make amends to your poor dead brother for the trouble you caused him is by caring for the mother to whom he was so devoted."

Peter folded up the letter, and restored it to its envelope.

"The trouble you caused him . . . your poor dead brother."

That was Godfrey! Peter thought of his face again. Oh, God, should he always see it thus?

It is self-reproach which lends the keenest edge to the blade of sorrow, and most of us, poor wayward, human creatures, know something of its sharpness. Is there ever a parting that is not more painful because of the memory of wasted days, a death-bed beside which the heavy-eyed mourners do not mingle remorse with grief?

At such a moment the veriest pin-

prick assumes the aspect of a deadly wound; some trivial neglect of duty is magnified into a crime; the remembrance even of a jest becomes a poisoned dart. And what of those who have more real cause for self-accusation? Alas! are there not many? While the world lasts the wayfarers who go halting onwards through this vale of tears, and who, one would think, might find comfort in clinging to each other for their brief span, will often hold aloof; and though the day comes when they would give all they possess to call up a smile on the face from which their own was so often averted, to grasp the hands that have been stretched out in vain, it is then too late.

"Peter!" said Prue.

She had come behind him and touched him on the shoulder; her face was very white, her eyes wide.

"Oh, let me be!" cried Peter.

She paused for a moment in the doorway, a shadowy little figure, with the fitful firelight playing behind her, and then turned and went within.

Peter stood motionless, staring towards the darkening woods and crumpling up the letter in his hand; presently he, too, went into the house. Prue had lit the lamp and prepared the table for supper; she sat now in her usual place, and appeared to be sewing.

"You must not be frightened if I leave you alone for a few hours," he said; "I'm going home."

"Home!" she cried tremulously. "Oh, I'm so glad! I—oh, Peter, your poor mother!"

Once more she would have gone to him, but something in his aspect seemed to forbid her, and she dropped back into the chair from which she had half risen.

"I may be away a few days," he went on. "I—may be wanted. But I'll ask Mrs. Whittle to stop with you to-night, and I'll send your mother to

you to-morrow morning. I'll go there first."

She looked up timidly.

"Couldn't I—if you are going to drive, Peter—couldn't I go with you? I wouldn't be in your way—I could stay at home."

"Oh, no!" cried Peter impatiently; "it couldn't be thought of. I sha'n't be long away, and your mother must keep you company."

"I was not thinking of myself," said Prue, almost inarticulately.

Peter turned from her with a groan that was half angry. How was it possible that she did not understand? Even in her terrible bereavement his mother would resent having the evidence of what she must consider Peter's most grievous offence thus forced upon her.

He went heavily upstairs, and, still in a state of almost dream-like misery, changed his clothes for a mourning suit, and put a few necessities in a handbag.

He found Prue waiting for him at the foot of the stairs.

"You must eat something before you go," she said. "You have had nothing since dinner-time. If you knock yourself up, you will be no use to any one."

He stared at her as though he scarcely comprehended what she said.

"Drink at least a cup of tea!" she urged. "I have poured it out."

He followed her to the table, and drank the tea standing; Prue watching him, dry-eyed, and apparently composed.

"Take this with you," she said, pressing a sandwich into his hand as he turned to go.

His fingers closed on it unconsciously, but before he had passed through the gate Prue, who had followed him to the door, saw him glance at it and toss it away.

She shut the door and went back to the hearth, where she sat in Peter's

chair, crouching in a forlorn little heap.

Thus did Mrs. Whittle find her when an hour or two afterwards that good woman made her appearance, carrying her baby under her shawl.

"Laird, to think o' there bein' sich bad news!" she remarked. "Your poor husband, he do look so pale as if he'd seen a ghost, an' you don't seem much better. It'll never do for you to give way, my dear."

"I'm not going to give way," said Prue, sitting up.

"Dear, to be sure, you haven't so much as ate a bite o' supper," said Mrs. Whittle, eyeing the table with a disinterested air; "there, if ye'll take the blessed child a minute, I'll make a drap o' fresh tea for 'ee, an' I'll take a cup myself to keep 'ee company."

She crossed the room with a magnanimous air, and deposited the baby in Prue's arms.

"I had to bring the poor little dear," she explained. "I'll have to stop all night; your mother won't be here before morning now."

Prue gazed at her blankly.

"And warn't it an unfartunat' thing as Mr. Hounsell should ha' to walk all the way?" went on Mrs. Whittle, pausing in front of Prue's chair.

"To walk?" ejaculated the little wife.

"E-es," cried Mrs. Whittle triumphantly; "couldn't get the trap. The folks down there at the Red Cow said the 'arse had been on the road all day, an' couldn't be took so far, not for no money. So Mr. Hounsell, he'll have to travel all those miles a-foot. I be pure sorry for he."

Prue said nothing, but turned towards the fire with a little shiver.

All that night, while Mrs. Whittle snored by her side, Prue lay staring wide-eyed into the darkness, and watching in fancy Peter's lonely figure travelling onwards over desolate down and deserted road; bowed beneath the

weight of the sorrow which she might not share.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HASTY WORDS.

It was the middle of the night when Peter arrived at Keeper Meadow's house, being greeted by the dogs with a chorus of fierce barks which presently resolved themselves into yelps of delighted recognition.

Peter knocked loudly at the door, and after a little delay a light appeared in an upper room; the casement was thrown open, and Mr. Meadow himself looked out.

"Who's there? What's the matter? Be them rascals about again?"

"It's I—Peter Hounsell."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the voice of the unseen Mrs. Meadow in shrill consternation. "You don't mean to say as Prue be took ill? Lard bless us! Poor maidie, she'll never—"

"Prue is all right," returned Peter; "but I've had to leave home, and I want you to go to her, Mrs. Meadow."

"Bless the man! What's he thinkin' on?" ejaculated the keeper. "'Tis but two o'clock. My wold 'ooman can't go a-travellin' in the middle o' the night, w'out it's somethin' very particular."

"I didn't mean to get here so late," returned Peter confusedly. "I intended to drive, but I couldn't get the trap. I—Prue can't be left alone, Mrs. Meadow, and the woman who is with her now would only promise to stay till morning. I may be away a few days."

"Well, but," began the keeper. A thud on the floor interrupted his remonstrance, and, drawing back from the window, he entered into colloquy with his wife, who had evidently jumped hastily out of bed.

After a few minutes the house door was unbarred, and Peter was invited

to enter. Keeper Meadway, barefoot and in light attire, ushered him into the kitchen.

"Mother'll be down so soon as she can," he remarked, setting the candle on the table; "an' I'll dress myself an' see if I can knock up carrier, an' get him to drive her over. 'Tis that trouble up yonder," with a significant sideways nod, "what brings ye, I reckon."

"Yes," said Peter.

"Me an' the missis was thinkin' so," resumed the keeper. "Well, take a chair. I'll go an' get my clothes on, though I don't think there's any such hurry; still 'tis but nat'ral as ye should be anxious about Prue. She's a bit upset, I do 'low."

"I suppose she is," said Peter.

Mr. Meadway eyed him askance, scratching his jaw meditatively the while; then, observing that everybody was likely to be upset when trouble came so unexpected, he went upstairs to perform his toilet.

The house door presently slammed behind him as he went forth on his errand, and not long afterwards Mrs. Meadway came down.

"Ye'll be goin' up-along just now. I d' 'low," she remarked, as soon as she had shaken hands.

"Yes," returned Peter; "as soon as it is daylight. I intended to get there before the house was shut up for the night, but I had to walk—it took a long time."

"E-es," agreed Mrs. Meadway, heaving a sympathetic sigh, "'tis best not to go disturbin' the house o' m'urnin' in the dark. But I d' 'low the wold lady, your dear ma, 'ull be expectin' ye?"

To this Peter made no reply.

"I d' 'low she will," resumed Mrs. Meadway, sucking in her breath unctuously. "Poor dear 'ooman—lady, I should say—you be all she've a-got now, Mr. Peter."

Peter retained a gloomy silence.

"E-es," repeated Mrs. Meadway, "all as she've a-got in this 'ere mortal world, an' I d' 'low ye'll be a terrible comfort to she."

"I hope to be," said Peter in muffled tones.

"To be sure you do," agreed Mrs. Meadway, starting off with fresh animation in her delight at having at length extracted an answer; "you'll be a comfort to she, Mr. Peter, just about! The ways of the Lard be oncomprehensible, bain't they? But they be all for the best—us do all know that. Dear, yes, the Lard have a-done what He've a-done wi' a good purpose—ye mid be sure of it."

Peter's heavy gaze was turned from her by this time, and he appeared sunk in thought; but Mrs. Meadway babbled peacefully on:

"As I did say to Meadway the very minute I heard o' your poor brother's death, says I, 'Ye mid be sure as the wold lady an' Peter 'ull be reconciled now. He be all what's left her,' I says, 'an' 'twill be but nat'ral she should turn to he. He'll come to his rights again,' I says—"

"What are you talking about?" cried Peter, as the meaning of the last phrase drifted in upon him.

His mother-in-law returned his indignant gaze with one of mild surprise.

"All the neighbors be a-talkin' on't," she said. "They be so sorry as can be for Mr. Godfrey, but they be all a-sayin' as there's one good thing must come on't—good oftentimes comes out o' evil, you know—an' they be all glad to think as you'll come back to your own place, and your wife 'ull be treated proper."

"Good God!" cried Peter. "So you think that's what I've come back for? You, and every one! You think I'm going to take advantage of my poor brother's death to—to—"

Words failed him, and he broke off, glaring at her.

"I'm sure I don't know what you be vexin' yourself so much about," whimpered Mrs. Meadway. "The same words is in every one's mouth, I can assure 'ee. Why, what could the wold lady do w' all that money if her own flesh an' blood wasn't to have it? An' here's the little one on the road—her own blessed grandchild—"

"Oh, have done!" cried Peter, and clapping on his hat he rushed out of the house. Before he reached the gate he heard the sound of wheels proceeding rapidly along the grassy track, and saw two wavering lights advancing towards him.

"Hi!" cried the keeper's voice.

Peter answered faintly, and in a moment or two the carrier's cart came lumbering up to the spot where he stood.

"Well, be the old woman ready?" queried Meadway breathlessly, as he sprang to the ground. "Here's Mr. Foyle got out of his warm bed a-purpose to drive her over—bein' a feelin' man an' the father of a family hisself—"

The carrier's face was now protruded from the green "shed."

"Bless ye, Mr. Peter, I can understand your anxiousness," he remarked genially. "You'll get used to it arter a bit, he! he! When it comes to number five or six you'll take it a bit more easy, won't he, Keeper? But there, I forgot, you did never have but the one, so you can't be expected to judge. But we didn't ought to be jestin' at such a solemn time," he went on, more gravely, observing that Peter gave no answering laugh. "This 'ere sad news be very unexpected, Mr. Peter. The funeral's to be on Thursday. I was a-thinkin' the old lady 'ud be sendin' for ye."

Peter started. In the first flush of his remorse and pain he had disregarded the vow so hastily uttered in the past. His own wrongs, his mother's harshness, Godfrey's resentment,

all seemed dwarfed into insignificance by the overwhelming fact of his brother's death. Acting impulsively on the Rector's advice, he was hastening to his mother in her sorrow, intent only on making atonement to her and Godfrey for the grief he had caused them in the past. It had not even occurred to him that another construction could be placed upon his conduct until Mrs. Meadway's ill-timed congratulations had opened his eyes. He had left the keeper's house with a half-formed resolution in his mind; the carrier's words now goaded him to put it into immediate effect.

What other course, indeed, was open to him? Was it not with the utmost deliberation that he had announced to his mother that he would never set foot near the place until she sent for him? And Mrs. Hounsell had answered as firmly that he would have to wait a long time. She had *not* sent for him; she had not vouchsafed even a word from the house of death; were he to intrude upon her now she might think—even she—that his return was prompted by self-interest.

"Hi, missis!" shouted Meadway; "be you a-comin'?"

"Don't call her," said Peter, throwing out his hand. "I've changed my mind—I'm going back myself."

Both men exclaimed; Mr. Meadway giving it as his opinion that the trouble was driving his son-in-law silly. Mrs. Meadway came hurrying forth from the house, enveloped in shawls and carrying a basket.

"Go back!" cried Peter, waving her off. "I've changed my mind. I—it's been a mistake—I'm going home at once, myself."

He clambered into the cart while the keeper and his wife were yet protesting, and turned hastily to the carrier:

"I'll make it worth your while to drive me quick," he said.

Prue was lighting the fire in the

kitchen when he returned; but Mrs. Whittle had not yet made her appearance.

"Is that you, mother?" asked Prue, as the door opened.

"It's not your mother," said Peter. "I've come back."

She was on her feet in an instant.

"Oh, Peter," she cried, "oh, my poor dear—wouldn't she see you?"

"I didn't ask," returned he. "I found every one was thinking I'd come to look for my poor brother's shoes even before he was buried. I couldn't stand that."

"But—didn't you go to your mother at all? Oh, Peter! Think of her there, breaking her heart, and with no one—no one—to comfort her."

"I can't go till she sends for me," he returned. "She knows that—I told her so when I came away, and she said I should have to wait a long time."

Prue gazed at his averted face for a moment, and then continued, pleadingly:

"Don't be so hard! Oh, Peter, don't be so hard! What does it matter what you said or what she said? You were both angry. If you were to go to her now, and to tell her you were sorry—"

"How can I tell her I am sorry?" he interrupted, turning his bloodshot eyes upon her. "What is done can't be undone. Even if she were to forgive my leaving home and becoming a servant, do you suppose she would ever forgive my marriage?"

She fell back as though he had struck her, but he went on vehemently:

"It is better to look facts in the face. I have made my bed and must lie on it."

At this moment Mrs. Whittle's voice was heard in playful converse with the baby, and the little stairs creaked under her heavy foot.

"Is that woman still here?" exclaimed Peter angrily. "Give me some food to take out with me—I can't face her—get rid of her as soon as you can."

Prue gave him some bread and cheese, and he went out, shutting the door behind him, still too much absorbed in the tumult of his own thoughts to take note of his wife's face.

It was quite late when he returned, looking even more haggard and wild-eyed than before. Prue set food before him, and herself made a pretence of eating; not a word was exchanged between the two, and when the meal was over he rose and took down his gun from the rack.

"You are going out again?" said Prue.

"Yes—I dare say I shall be away most of the night."

"You will tire yourself out."

"That's what I want to do."

He was about to leave her when she laid her hand upon his sleeve.

"Peter, am I no good to you at all? You promised that you would come to me when you were in trouble."

"Oh, leave me alone, child!" he cried, shaking her off impatiently. "One can't talk of such trouble as this. Godfrey's to be buried to-morrow—and the last time I saw his face was on our wedding-day."

A spasm crossed his own face at the recollection. Prue, too, remembered Godfrey's look, and divined that the mere sight of her was a reproach to her husband. She shrank away without another word, and again he left her with never a backward look.

SOME SHADOWY CHARACTERS IN SHAKESPEARE.

In the *Critic* Mr. Puff frankly advocates the employment of Shadowy Characters. Queen Elizabeth, he tells Sneer, never appears at all on the stage, but is talked about so often that she is always looked for, and thus the expectation of the audience is kept on tiptoe. This cannot be said of those that—in the following quite unpretentious jottings—are referred to as the Shadowy Characters in Shakespeare. He was too consummate a craftsman for his work ever to suggest any absent character whose presence is essential, or even advisable, to the devolution of the plot or harmony of the action. Yet undoubtedly here and there we meet with references to persons of such a nature that we faintly wonder not to find them included in the "characters represented." One of the most familiar and obvious instances of this occurs in *The Tempest*. On board the royal ship are Alonzo, King of Naples; his son Ferdinand; his brother Sebastian; and Antonio, the usurping Duke of Milan. The rest of the characters do not concern us, except on the very extravagant hypothesis to be mentioned. Yet Ferdinand, when he thinks himself the sole survivor, tells Prospero and Miranda that the king and all his lords were lost,

the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain;

and Prospero, whose brother and nephew were thus referred to, accepts this as a perfectly accurate statement, so far as the facts were within Ferdinand's knowledge. And though the latter was, we know, ignorant of the actual safety of the whole party, he certainly could not be ignorant of the identity of those who had been his shipmates through a tedious voyage.

But in the play there is not the slightest hint of Antonio being married or having any son, nor is there any mention of such an individual. Heartless and cynical as Antonio was, we should expect that, in that supreme moment when death seemed imminent, he would make some reference to the son who was sharing the same fate. But such altruistic thought as he expresses is for his sovereign, "Let's all sink with the king,"—and then "Exit" Antonio till we meet him safe and sound on the enchanted island. Nor on the island itself is there the faintest suggestion that such a person as this "brave son," heir of Milan, and, presumably, a close friend of Ferdinand, exists. The hypothesis that he may be identical with Francisco, one of the "lords," is scarcely deserving notice, the only attenuated shred of imaginary reason being that it is he who speaks admiringly of Ferdinand's gallant efforts for self-preservation—a sort of poetic return in kind for the complimentary reference that—as the audience know—the prince has made to him. Against this may be put the very sufficient fact that—even if he is not the "lord of weak remembrance" who had almost persuaded the king that his son was alive, and whom Antonio proposes not very obscurely to kill, the latter alludes to him by implication in terms too slightly contemptuous to be conceivable in the case of a father. "We will kill the king and Gonzalo," he arranges in effect with Sebastian, "and need not trouble ourselves about the others—

For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps
milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business
that
We say befits the hour.

There seems, indeed, no prospect that this "brave son" of the Duke of Milan will ever cease to be a Shadowy Character. Gervinus remarks that Antonio's son is with the rest of the fleet on the way to Naples. This can scarcely be seriously contended. Ferdinand evidently refers to him as having been of the royal party: it would be highly improbable that father and son should sail in different ships.

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* there is quite a group of elderly Shadows. In the ordinary workaday world we should expect to be introduced to Valentine's father, Antonio's brother, and Julia's father. We hear of them, and what we hear of them doing—at least, as regards the first two—is in a way amongst the *causa causantes* of the action. Valentine's father, for instance, is presumably "his friends" from whom he receives maintenance at the Imperial Court—as the youth of to-day talks about the allowance he has from "his people," when the actual paymaster is paterfamilias. He sees Valentine off—

My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me
shipped;

he is of sufficient importance either to communicate directly with the Duke or for the latter to have an interest in him, inasmuch as Proteus, or the messenger that accompanies him, brings tidings that enable his grace to inform Valentine, "Sir Valentine, your father's in good health." But after that one reference to him in the first Scene of the first Act, Valentine never mentions his father, and only from his statement to the outlaws do we get a hint, and that not necessarily a reliable one, that he had a home to return to when banished from Milan.

The second Shadowy Character in the same play is that brother of An-

tonio, who takes sufficient interest in the upbringing of his nephew Proteus to waylay his brother's confidential servant, and urge on *him* the desirability of the young man seeing something of the world. "Tell me, Panthino," says Antonio,

What sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the
cloister?

And Panthino answers, "'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son," and that he "wondered," Antonio was keeping him at home, when travel was all the vogue amongst the young men of the day. It would almost seem as if there were an estrangement between the two men, for Antonio ignores the concern that has been shown, declares that the idea has been a long time in his own mind, and so far from going to talk the matter over with his brother, asks, and acts upon, Panthino's advice. One wonders whether the kindly uncle met or accompanied his brother to see that singularly unreliable young gentleman, Proteus, safely on board for his visit to "the Imperial's Court." Still more striking is the nebulousness of Julia's father. She evidently lives at home with him in the ordinary relation of father and daughter; Lucetta tells her, "Madam, dinner is ready and your father stays." Yet when she makes up her mind to follow Proteus there is not the faintest mention of her father; she fears "the world" will hold her scandalized, but so absolutely does she ignore her father in the matter¹ that she tells Lucetta:

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation.

It is worth noting in passing that, as has been pointed out, with the ex-

¹ In an unpublished article by the late Col. Wyndham Hughes Hallett, whose reputation as a Shakespearean scholar and critic ranks deservedly high, the very independent attitude, to use a mild term, of children to parents in Shakespeare's plays is most ably considered.

ception of Juliet none of Shakespeare's heroines are represented as having a mother alive. "Sweet Anne Page" is scarcely a heroine; Perdita and Marina are motherless to all intents and purposes at the crisis of their lives; and the exception, Juliet, does not derive such benefit from motherly counsels that the privation in the case of the others makes us pity them much. The mention of Juliet, however, reminds us of another Shadowy Character, this time hardly so much Shakespeare's creation as that of the Commentator's. In a speech which for beauty and passion stands supreme in the literatures of the world, Juliet apostrophizes the lagging dark:

Spread thy close curtains, love performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.

The Shadowy Character is "Runaway"! Pages have been written on the subject, and it may be fairly said that whatever ambiguity there is in the phrase as it stands is exceeded five-hundred-fold by nearly all the attempted explanations. Some of these, which proceed on the assumption that the word as it stands is corrupt—that it originally was "rude eyes" or "rumorers" or "unawares" or some other word of plausible resemblance—need not concern us: it is only when personified that it can claim to be considered a Shadowy Character. According to one critic, by Runaway we are to understand Phœbus; according to another, Cupid; a third suggests "Watchman"; according to a fourth it is Juliet herself! Very emphatically a Shadowy Character this, the shadow of a shadow, depending on a personality whose existence is problematical. But in this same play there is another character which may be described as

Shadowy in the legitimate sense. This is Rosaline, with whom as the play opens Romeo imagines himself to be so deeply and irrevocably in love. She, like Juliet, was a Capulet, or of kin to the family; old Capulet includes "my fair niece Rosaline" in his invitation list; Romeo's inducement to visit his enemy's house is to "rejoice in the splendor" of her beauty; she must have been present at the ball, and doubtless noted and perhaps was piqued at her lover's infatuation for her young cousin. We can well imagine her, too, to have been one of those bidden to the abortive marriage with Count Paris, to have accompanied poor Juliet's lifeless body to the family vault, and to have been amongst the other Capulets whom the outcry of the watchman called to that same vault, so awfully enriched since she had seen it last. And we can imagine—so real are even the shadowy characters of Shakespeare—that, as she gazed in horror at that "sight of death," the thought may have flashed into her mind that had she but been less cold to the ardent, extravagant protestations those pale lips of the beautiful dead boy had so often made to her, this horror might never have come to pass.

In *Much Ado* there is a Shadowy Character at whose non-materialization one is inclined on first thoughts to wonder, till the exigencies of the plot are borne in mind. This is Antonio's son. "How now, brother," says Leonardo, just before his ball and supper. "Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?" To which Antonio replies, "He is very busy about it." Beyond all question he must have been present in the church when his cousin Hero was publicly scorned, and he of all others, before Benedick, certainly before his old father and uncle, would be the proper person to challenge his cousin's traducer. He could scarcely have been too young; he was

old enough to have the direction of an important part of a semi-state entertainment; besides which, youths in those days were men and took men's responsibilities, who nowadays would be hoping with luck to get their school colors.

But the musical young gentleman is not forthcoming—and we can see, whatever the reason, how desirable his absence is, artistically considered. Claudio could with absolute propriety refuse to fight with either of the two old men, but he must needs have undergone the young one's challenge, and the duel would have followed close upon it—Antonio himself wants to fight then and there: "Come, follow me, boy." The fight would have been fiercely embittered, and the result might have hindered the happy ending when all the *Much Ado* is found to have been about Nothing.

To some of us there is a pretty, whimsical mystery in the personality of Hymen in *As You Like It*. There is nothing in the nature of "supernatural machinery" in the play as in *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline*, or a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the effective entrance of "Hymen, leading in Rosalind and Celia" was, we feel convinced, a pretty tableau devised by Rosalind herself, who would doubtless have demurely explained the joyous deity's miraculous appearance by reminding Orlando and the rest of that "uncle" of hers, the great magician who dwelt not far off. But—whom did she get to "make up" as Hymen? Amlens was otherwise engaged, being described as in attendance on the Duke; it could scarcely be Willam—the only other of the named dwellers in Arden not mentioned as being present—as besides that he would be scarcely up to the part, Rosalind was too good-hearted to have asked him to preside at the betrothal of his old sweetheart, Audrey, to another. We know from the exam-

ples of Sir Hugh Evans and "Nathaniel the Curate" that parsons were by no means averse from taking part in theatricals, but somehow Sir Oliver Mar-text does not strike us as quite the sort of person whom Rosalind would have taken into her confidence. On the other hand it was just such a piece of merry fun as would commend itself to a boy, and the rôle was one a boy could best act, and we can very easily imagine one of those two merry youngsters, the "banished Duke's pages," entering with a mixture of boyish glee and chivalrous devotion into the merry plot of the beautiful disguised princess. Besides, the part wanted some one who could sing, and had he not just sung to Touchstone, and very sweetly too, we may be sure, despite that sapient individual's "chaffing?"

Almost the antithesis to Hymen in deed and nature, the Third Murderer in *Macbeth* so far resembles him that he too is nebulous as to his personality. It is true that he with his fellow ruffians is introduced under the comprehensive term "Murderers" amongst the *dramatis personæ*, and is very distinctly real in the part he plays, but the investigations of Critics and Commentators have enveloped his identity in mist and shadow. Admittedly his appearance on the scene is mysterious. Macbeth has engaged the First and Second Murderers, and given them full instructions as to time and place and opportunity. And then, when they are posted in their appointed ambush, they find they are joined by a third man who tells them in answer to their inquiries that Macbeth had bidden him join them. He satisfies their doubts—according to the usual reading of the text—by his knowledge of all the details of the plan: the second Murderer remarks to the first:

He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do,
To the direction just.²

The Third Murderer shows an intimate knowledge of the custom of guests at the royal palace: he is the first to recognize the doomed Banquo, and to observe that "the son is fled." And then we hear nothing more of him. According to one view, Macbeth has himself hinted to the assassins that he will provide them with an assistant. In his interview he tells them

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't;

and the suggestion is that this "spy o' the time" is the Third Murderer, with—or, as we should say, by—whom he will "acquaint" them on necessary details. Some of the objections which have been urged against this theory are obvious enough. Another view which has been energetically supported is that the Third Murderer was Macbeth himself. The exact knowledge shown of the instructions given, the intimate acquaintance with Banquo's accustomed habits, the prompt recognition of the victim, are, it is urged, all—and only—explicable on the supposition that Macbeth himself joined, disguised, in the crime, in order to ensure its effective execution. Moreover, it is pointed out that a considerable time remains to be accounted for, which can best be done by supposing that the supper did not begin as early as intended, Macbeth having put it later to enable him to carry out his terrible project. In the afternoon he had enjoined that

every man be master of his time
Till seven to-night:

² Some have considered that these words refer to Macbeth; "he needs not our mistrust" being equivalent to "he needs not mistrust of

but when the "solemn supper" is broken up *prematurely* by his own behavior at the appearance of Banquo's ghost, Lady Macbeth tells us that the night is

Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

Five hours for an *interrupted* banquet seems improbably long. The demeanor of Macbeth when, at the banquet, he interviews the First Murderer, is also claimed as favoring this contention; it lacks, it is urged, *real* anxiety; there is a suggestion of "jauntiness" about it, quite natural to one to whom the man's grim news was really no news, but who forced himself to seem ignorant and anxious; while the apostrophe to the ghost "Thou canst not say I did it," might well mean, "Thou couldst not have recognized me, disguised as I was." Another theory—which claims respect alike from its inherent reasonableness as from the authority of its propounder—was put forward twenty-nine years ago by the late Sir Henry Irving.³ And this theory is that the Third Murderer is the "Attendant" who introduces the other two to Macbeth. The great actor calls attention to the fact that this "Attendant" is never included in any list of *dramatis personæ*, and to the tone Macbeth employs towards him, a tone of contemptuous command as to one who, for some cause or another, was body and soul his dependent. It is this Attendant who is on the look out for the Murderers before Macbeth's final interview with them, and who was privy to their previous visit to the palace. When the men are interviewed, Macbeth, it will be remembered, bids the Attendant, "Now go to the door, and stay there till we call." When he has finished his instructions to the two men

us," and the following words meaning "he has given us full and explicit instructions."

³ "Contemporary Review," April 1877.

he bids them, "Abide within," and he will call upon them straight, and he and they "*exceunt.*" Irving suggests that they go out by different doors, Macbeth by that at which the Attendant was waiting, and that he then gave the latter his instructions. The familiarity shown by the Third Murderer with the locality and instructions, is in this way accounted for, and the appearance of the First Murderer at the banquet is made to appear much more natural and unlikely to excite remark if accompanied, as he would be, by a well-known confidential servant of the king. It must be owned, however, that this last argument is not quite convincing, for it is surely natural to suppose that, the Attendant being the subservient creature suggested, one too abject for his knowledge to be dangerous, Macbeth would in any case have ordered him to look out for the Murderer and introduce him to the banquet-hall.

So voluminous is the literature on
The Gentleman's Magazine.

Shakespeare, and so profound the erudition displayed in it, that it seems doubtful whether any new ideas or new arrangement of old ideas in any way relating to his plays is now possible. But the very volume and profundity of the literature has to many something of a deterrent effect, while on the other hand numberless theories and comments put forward with the utmost good faith as original have, as a matter of fact, passed through many a recurrent cycle of promulgation and oblivion. Nevertheless, ordinary individuals, who can claim to be neither scholars nor students, but only unceasing readers and ardent lovers of Shakespeare, find an interest sometimes in the unweighty and impressionist reflections of one of themselves. And even for the learned there is always the pleasing possibility of discovering in any article on Shakespeare that the same thing has been said dozens of times before and infinitely more effectively.

THE SLIPPERS OF MARIANNE.

"An' for wimmen," said Peter William oracularly. "Well, they do say as least said do be soonest mended; an' I aint for assaying as taint so. Speakin' generally wimmen aint no manner o' use to man." He glanced at his host sideways.

Jacob Poldew hesitated. He took his pipe from his mouth, pushed a broad finger-tip into the bowl of it, examined the result critically, and replaced it between his lips again. He said, jerkily, between vigorous puffs, an attempt to cover his confusion: "I aint agreed wi' ee. No—I aint." His eyes wandered to the lamp, regarded it contemplatively for several moments, then returned to Peter William. "A

powerful change have come over I," he said.

Peter William's lips fell apart; he drew a long breath of scornful toleration, which expressed subtly a reservation on his own part nevertheless. "You've fallen in love I 'low?" he said interrogatively.

Jacob's face retained an undisturbed gravity. He was silent a moment, seeming to search for words to clothe his thought; in the choice of those words he obviously found some careful consideration necessary. He said presently, "Not exactly." Lowering his voice, he added, "Taint not no maiden as have caught the heart o' I. No maiden leastways o' flesh and

blood. 'Tis no more, nor no less, than a emptiness, a lonesomeness as have caught the heart o' one as aint for favoring maidens."

"Bellike as ee aint eatin' enough?" said Peter William thoughtfully.

"Bellike," said Jacob, but the frown on his forehead did not lessen.

"Lovin' and eatin' be too crool hard happenings in this world," said Peter William. "They aint neither o' en satisfyin': the more ee do get o' en the more ee do need; and once ee do begin ee don't seem to be able to end, like."

He stared hard at Jacob as if he challenged him to acknowledge himself a victim to one or other, or both, of these frailties.

"Eatin' be a necessity o' natur," said Jacob firmly. "And if this here emptiness o' mine do be love 'tis worser nor havin' a clean larder and a hunger as do be a pain. I wants to be kinder protectin' to all maidens as do be living; and specially to one maiden. I do want powerful bad to see a woman asittin' in that there chair where ee do be."

"An' ee aint seen no maiden as do please ee?" said Peter William. He eyed the room, and then Jacob, as if he sought a maiden near.

Jacob's hands trembled. He relit his pipe, and in the act his eyes became suddenly fixed upon two small objects beside the fender, tucked close to it. Indeed so close were they that Peter William's wandering eyes, that were warranted to miss naught, had passed them by. These two small objects were the key to the situation, the explanation of Jacob's discomfort. He gazed upon them now with moodiness and tenderness combined, the while he sucked determinedly at his pipe. He said suddenly, "These do be the slippers o' she." He took his pipe from his mouth and pointed with the stem of it at the two objects of his whimsical regard.

Peter William stared. Then he stooped and lifted first one of the small gray slippers and then the other, and laid them upon the broad palm of his hand. Under his lowered lids his eyes expressed anger, incredulity, amazement.

Jacob watched him jealously.

"Her have a mighty small foot," said Peter William.

"Her have," said Jacob. He spoke with so much unconscious pride of possession that Peter William's eyes, from regarding the slippers, passed to the speaker's face. Jacob read the resentment in them.

He leant across and caught from the other's hand, upon which they were balanced, the slippers. He placed them carefully back at the side of the hearth and then glanced up at Peter William with cold eyes.

"Who be she?" said Peter William.

"That be what I do want to know," said Jacob. He looked hard at Peter William as at a foe. "They'm been standin' here afore the fire since yestermorn when I did come from the farm. Some folkses I be thinkin' did put them there."

Peter William laughed. He had decided upon a frank avowal of knowledge. He said blithely, "You'm in love wi' a pair o' slippers. Them there do belong to Marianne Tregan as do live to Tregan Mill; her were here yestermorn wi' Sarah Ann Tregan as do clean thy cottage up for thee. Passing this here window middle-day I did see she afore the fire squintin' in the glass as ee do use o' Sundays. Her have come to Morgan Porth for to live wi' Sarah: Sarah, as ee do know, be agrowing old and past minding folkses' houses: her do be a powerful help to Sarah."

Jacob's eyes changed. He stood a moment looking into the fire with an odd expression upon his face. In truth he was for a moment suffering

from an actual shock to find the owner of these slippers to be flesh and blood and not the pixie his superstitious fancy had painted her.

He was, too, asking himself how much Peter William knew of the slippers' owner. The question left him angry, and amazed at the duplicity of Peter William in hiding from him this acquaintanceship with the niece of Sarah Ann Tregan. He said roughly, "do ee put en by the door. Belike, Peter William, as ee do be in love thyself." His tone demanded denial.

Peter William drew hard at his pipe. Then he stooped and lifted the list slippers with a careful forefinger and thumb and carried them to the door as Jacob had desired. His expression was oddly shamefaced and yet defiant.

He caught up his cap, glanced sideways at Jacob, and said, with an inflection of pity in his tone, ignoring the challenge and nodding at the slippers, "Ee don't get rid o' wimmen folkses as easy like, I do tell ee."

He added sarcastically, "Belike ee'd like I to take en to Sarah Tregan's this here night. I be apassing the door, and they aint heavy." He looked towards Jacob with an affectation of nonchalance which his appearance of determination negatived.

Jacob's eyes under that look flashed sudden fire. He made a step forward, hesitated, drew a sharp breath; then said fiercely, "Leave en be."

Peter William laughed loudly.

"Let she come for en," said Jacob with angry menace, decelving neither Peter William nor himself, nevertheless. "This here cottage o' mine aint no place for wimmen's foot-wear."

But this spirit did not remain with him long. He returned to the fire with a sense of desolation, having watched Peter William turn down the road towards the village. His gaze was at once directed to the empty place whereon to-day and yesterday

these unknown feminine belongings had disported themselves. Regret seized him and a sense of desertion. The slippers had had a strange potency: their presence had at once forced Jacob to a realization of the emptiness of a life that was innocent of the influence of a woman, and at the same time had relieved the acuteness of their inflicted wound.

He wanted the slippers back in their place to call up pleasant suggestions of a woman's presence breathing in the small home; their absence was at once painful to his sensibilities and disastrous to his peace.

He crossed to the door and looked at them. Then he lifted one and thrust his hand into it seeking to gauge its size. His mind leapt to portraiture of the owner of the slippers. Yesterday they had been in themselves almost sentient things, to-day their potentialities were exerted in creating for him the personality of their owner.

His mind revolved round the imaginary creature who bore the name of Marianne Tregan.

He began to move about the room setting this and that ornament and picture askew. Finally he returned to the slippers. He stooped, lifted them, carried them across to the fire and placed them before the fender again.

He drew his seat up beside them and filled his pipe. "Her do have powerful small feet," he said aloud; "belike her will be a slip o' a maiden."

This thought brought a host of others in its train. He gave himself up with a sighing sense of his own weakness to the contemplation of them. He forgot that there had ever been a time when his opinions and those of the absent Peter William had been in sympathy. He knew only that the little pair of demure gray slippers made for a sense of companionship in a loneliness that was not less intolerable because realized so late.

In the evening of the same day Marianne discovered her loss. The gray slippers were sought for high and low in vain. Then Marianne herself suggested that they might have been left by her in one of the various small cottages in which Sarah found employment.

It was not difficult to cover the ground of their work of the two past days, and presently Marianne reluctantly opined that the cottage of Jacob Poldew was possibly the unconscious shelter for the lost foot-wear.

"Jacob be in house-cleanin' that handless, too," Sarah cried. "You'm find en mostlike where ee did leave en."

Marianne puckered her pretty brows. It was Sunday evening and they had drawn their chairs up close to the fire. Marianne wore a forget-me-not blue woollen blouse and a neat skirt, and there was a love-knot in her hair and another at her breast. Her figure was in its proportions as diminutive as were her feet. Her hair had escaped from the quakerish smoothness of the earlier part of the day and now curled itself in ringlets about a whimsical April face that held much capacity for laughter and mirth. "Be-like him do be to home," she ventured.

"And if so be?"

Marianne hesitated.

"Him'll have no more eyes for ee than if ee were a toad," said Sarah scornfully, and she looked at the love-knot. "Airs an' graces and fal-lals, they aint o' no account to Jacob."

"Same as they aint to Peter William," said Marianne. She pushed a forefinger through her curls: it had not taken her many hours to subjugate Peter William, who strove with Jacob for the title of being the most pronounced misogynist for thirty miles around Morgan Porth.

Sarah Ann Tregan pursed her lips together.

"Peter William be a reed shaken by the breezes," she said pityingly. "But Jacob be a sturdy oak as aint not going to bend to none."

"'Tis them as don't bend as the blast do love to hustle," said Marianne, and her eyes sparkled.

She rose purposely.

"Ee aint not agoin'?" said Sarah.

Marianne's smile was subtle. "That I do be," she said.

She gathered Sarah's plaid shawl about her head and tucked it under her chin. The melting glance she cast at the older woman was such that she ejaculated, "Ee be playing wi' fire when ee do smile on mortal man so wilful like."

Marianne's lips quivered dangerously. "Jacob Poldew, as ee do have been atelling I since I did come to Morgan Porth, aint mortal man, but young oak," she said speciously. "And the heart o' 'en be a rough stone." She tripped to the door, and a moment later the darkness engulfed her.

Jacob's light was her beacon. She climbed with a sense of elation the hill-path, edged by the dark and feathery tamarisk hedge, that led from Sarah's cottage to Jacob's. She rapped upon the door in the same inconsequent spirit; and while she awaited an opening to her summons she allowed the crimson plaid to slip from her hair so that the fluttering blue love-knot might be seen and admired.

"For 'taint not natural," she reminded herself scornfully, "as him should be cold to I as do find him more than common pleasing when folkses do tell I of he. 'Taint not for he to court I as I do want—and did tell that there Peter William—but for he to be friendly like *and no more to I.*"

Her lips curved to a certain pity at the thought of Peter William's failure on acquaintance to prove adamantine to her charms. His claim to her interest,—his reputed invulnerability to

the wiles of the opposite sex,—had been quickly jostled into abeyance by half-a-dozen friendly glances from her platonically disposed but none the less melting blue eyes.

Her own words to Peter William returned to her. "I be sick o' love," she had said.

Alack, Peter William, knowing his reputation and that of Jacob in Morgan Porth and fearing its flotation to her ears, had foolishly ignored her warning and changed his facile mental coat in the hope of impressing upon her the measure of his devotion.

This trait in herself Marianne considered thoughtfully as she waited in the darkness for the door of Jacob's cottage to open, and the light from Jacob's lamp to shine upon the love-knot and—herself. She was very curious to see and speak to the second of Morgan Porth's professed misogynists.

Marianne's was the ennui of the warrior who has sought in vain a foe-man worthy of his steel. Fate promised a dissipation of that ennui in the person of Jacob Poldew, and Marianne's spirit rose like a bird on the wing.

Her first glance at Jacob was one of critical impersonality. He met it squarely, standing well back from the open door, the lamp-light from the room beyond falling fully upon the faces of both of them. He was tall and strongly-made, with a square broad back—Marianne was reminded of Sarah's sturdy oak—and a firmly-set head. His hair was black and unruly, eye-lashes and eyebrows were of the same hue. His eyes were blue, direct in regard, and, as they gazed upon Marianne's tilted chin, cold.

Marianne winced under that unmoved stare. The free left hand that caught the door, and with the strong arm outstretched suggested the barring of her passage, indicated unquestionably his appreciation of the unsuita-

bility of any desire for entrance on her part.

Marianne desired to enter.

She said at once and calmly, "Belike as ee have found a scart o' slippers ly- ing around hereabouts?"

Jacob's disapproving mouth relaxed. He turned, hesitated, glanced again at the sprite-like figure on the doorstep and from it to the hearth. He seemed to measure Marianne. Then he said equably, "You'm Marianne Tregan, belike?"

He was thinking, "Her aint so takin' when all be said and done, and them slippers were crool disquietin'."

The tangible owner of these demure twins tiptoeing the fender was creating a revulsion of feeling; the reaction had set in, and momentarily Jacob was resentful of the mood of the past twenty-four hours.

He left the door unguarded with a forbidding backward glance at the figure of Marianne, whose neat teeth had under his tone set themselves firmly in the full lower lip of a provocative mouth.

When he rose from stooping for the diminutive pair of slippers, he found her by his side. She said, swiftly, "You'm livin' alone?" The sight of the empty room and of his complete self-satisfaction had moved her. There were many things a woman could do here: she was minded to tell him that it was so, and in so doing shake his world for him.

"They be mighty small," said Jacob in a matter-of-fact tone. He thrust the slippers towards her with undisguised relief to be rid of them.

"Amany folkses have found en so," said Marianne. Then she looked into Jacob's eyes and the truth came in a flood from her. "I left en here," she said blankly, "apurpose. The place seemed lonesomelike, and ee do be one of they as don't hold wi' wimmen."

"They aint hurted I," said Jacob. He

followed Marianne to the door and closed it almost immediately behind her.

Such a thing had never before happened to Marianne: she was accustomed to being watched out of sight.

"I hates he," she said to herself, as she followed the downward path to Sarah's cottage. "Him looked at I that cold-like and him have eyes as *knows* to smile. 'Taint aspeaking to he as I be thinkin' o'."

"Do ee like he?" Sarah queried as the last slippers were drawn upon the small feet of a thoughtful Marianne a few moments later.

Marianne hesitated. She looked into the fire and her face did not clear. "I aint likn', no nor mislikn'," she said fiercely. "I just aint got no feelin' for he." She leant back in her seat and her eyes avoided Sarah's searching glance. "Him aint not no more than a stone," she added with finality, "I aint not minding he."

She relapsed into a profound silence, and Sarah knew Jacob, as a subject of conversation, dismissed.

But from Marianne's thoughts the dismissal of Jacob was not as easily accomplished, neither upon the first nor succeeding days of their friendship. Each time she met him, and Morgan Porth was small, her nerves were agitated and her heart beat faster.

"Him do be that quiet-like," she said to Sarah once.

Sarah pursed her lips. "And what be ee?" she queried.

"Him do worrit I, that him do," she continued.

"'Twould please he, mayhap, to hear ee," said Sarah scornfully. "Ee do treat Jacob crool."

"Crool!" said Marianne. She drew a deep breath. "Be it crool to leave he alone?"

Sarah's eyes wavered. She was agitated how to explain to Marianne that

the policy that she had adopted towards Jacob for his intimidation was obviously that best calculated to disturb his peace of mind. That attitude of aloofness, that maintenance of offended dignity forcing itself to spasmodic kindnesses as fleeting as they were ravishing, that gentle air of a pained but resolute tolerance towards one adrift from his fellows; what were these but lures to destruction to one of Jacob's sensibilities? Had not Jacob himself complained to her—Sarah—"Her do seem to kind o' despise I, and yet to pity I, too. Her do want to be pleasin' 'an' her conscience do say nay."

These things Sarah meditated with a sense of indignation the more intensified by realization that Marianne in this bewildering change of face was none the less Marianne; being merely Marianne in a new and distressing rôle.

She said succinctly, "Why don't ee treat he same as ee do treat them others?"—Peter William, Sam—

"Same as I do treat them others!" Marianne repeated the accusation deliberately, and in her tone there was a world of scorn.

But the scorn died as she added, compelled in spite of herself to the avowal, "Because he be a different make from en." Her tone held a subtle quality that brought Sarah's eyes to her face.

"Belike," said Sarah. Then she laughed, and added, "Peter William did tell I as him did tell Jacob as you aint one o' they as loves the lads as follows ee."

"I don't love no lads," said Marianne, and suddenly her lips trembled. A strange new distress was upon her, and suddenly her eyes could not meet those of Sarah.

"But ee do wear Peter William's rose," said the older woman. "An' right well do it become ee." She had gone to the window and flung it wide.

Her voice was raised so that Jacob, who was mounting the hill-path, heard it as it was intended that he should. "For it do seem to I as her don't know her own mind," said Sarah to herself, "and if she do favor Peter William's roses 'twere well as Jacob knows en. For Jacob, I do misdoubt me, be after all a lad like the rest o' the lads; and love an' measles be dangerous when they do be took late."

Marianne had followed her to the window. She stood there just behind Sarah, the color coming and going in her cheeks, and all unconsciously her hand went up to her throat and covered Peter William's rose.

Jacob's eyes followed the action; then they moved to Marianne's face. They asked a question, and in spite of herself without hesitation she read and answered it. He put out a strong brown hand and the rose was laid in it.

"Agivin' away Peter William's rose," said Sarah grimly. It was obvious, it appeared to her, that Jacob had not heard her warning.

"'Tis wilted sorely," said Marianne. She was looking down now; her lowered lids hid shining eyes.

"'Twere a handsome flower, and Peter William be a handsome lad," said Sarah.

Marianne's teasing lips curved in a smile.

Jacob's brows were drawn close together, they made a straight line across his forehead. He was thinking of Marianne's warning to Peter William that she liked the lads before they told their love. The remembrance was potent in that it forced upon him recognition of a danger in betraying his own liking to her. It brought no comforting sense of triumph over a rival, even though at his first glance she had surrendered that rival's flower.

He turned abruptly and made his way onward up the hill-path. Mari-

anne's careless words uttered in a moment of impatience were returning to her through the man she was unconsciously learning to love.

She stood now and watched him out of sight. There were tense lines at the corners of her mouth and a strange expression in her eyes. Here indeed was the lad of her dreams who should be impervious to the power of her beauty, but alas who was also indifferent to the charms of her mind.

"I could tell he amany things," she said to herself, her full lower lip caught in a distressed pucker, "and him takes Peter William's rose an'—goes."

That was Jacob's fault: he took the rose and neglected to profit by the opportunity to further his position in her eyes.

On the evening of the same day she said to Peter William, whom she met in the village and who insisted upon carrying her basket up the hill-path for her to the cottage, "I aint asaying as, come to look close at en, lovin' aint a crool vexin' kind o' pleasure to folkses."

She had forgotten that Peter William was still a suitor and she spoke from a full heart.

Peter William drew a deep breath and agreed. Was this his moment he asked himself. His spirits rose; he saw himself telling Jacob of this. Surely Marianne was climbing down to him from heights that had seemed to him but a few moments ago too high above him. A good sign was this; but was it politic to share it with another, and that other a rival? And yet who as well able to advise him as Jacob? Would Jacob taken into his rival's confidence abandon the chase, or would he but redouble his efforts to gain favor in the eyes of Marianne? Peter William's head reeled at the problem, and in his agitation he left Marianne abruptly and without attempt to make

hay in a sun that was obviously partial to his especial hay-making.

"Us be rivals, that us do be," he said to himself, and was not ill-pleased at the thought. "An' come St. Morgan's Day I'll ask she to marry I."

It was a bold thought. But the one that followed hard upon its heels was bolder: he decided to communicate this intention to Jacob.

Peter William, in deciding upon this course of action, believed himself no mean diplomatist. He sought out Jacob, in haste.

Jacob was not impressed; he maintained a silence that was inscrutable. But in his heart he had awakened to appreciation of his own desires, and they embraced the longing to make Marianne his wife. With this realization there ran another: that between Marianne and himself further amenities were impossible until Peter William's suit should have been pleaded. "But her won't take Peter William," he said to himself, even though his heart sank at the prospect of desisting from the chase which Peter William's words called up for him. Peter William had forced him to retire from the lists.

It was not many days ere Marianne was conscious of this move on his part. "He hates I," she said to herself many times when Jacob passed the time of day with her on the hillside, or was billeted upon her in the walk home from Church or market when Sarah fell behind with some crony of her own and left the two young people to themselves. It did not occur to her that Jacob of his own free will was there to be so disposed of by Sarah, or that—amazing thought—he so disposed of himself. His taciturnity, his moodiness, his abrupt changes of thought were all to her evidences of his dislike for her company. Inconceivably she did not compare his strangeness in her presence with her own strangeness in his, and in so doing hap upon a truth:

that the same spirit animated them both.

And Jacob! He was as a moth fluttering where the flame beckoned. That Peter William fluttered, too, forced him to wider circlings than those of the other; but the flame was none the less a flame to him, because for Peter William it held the same tantalizing attraction.

"Her don't love I; but I misdoubt me if her do love Peter William," he argued, while his mind darted to the confiscated rose, and a thrill passed over him. "She do be like them slippers: 'tis comforting to know as she be near-by."

His thoughts turned often to the slippers. In the evenings he closed his eyes and they tip-toed the fender rail with a demure homeliness that diffused a whimsical sense of companionship.

On the eve of St. Morgan's Day Peter William dropped in upon Sarah and Marianne. He was minded to take observations of the situation.

A growing fear was his. In the past few days courage had ebbed low, and this morning Jacob, savage and defiant, had jostled memory with a: "Come morning ee'll be puttin' a question to Sarah's Marianne?"

Sarah was baking; she stood by the table, shaping loaves. Marianne's chair was close to the fire; she was sewing, but her work more than once, as Peter William gossiped, fell into her lap. Before her on the rug, and with toes pointing to the bright blaze, were the gray slippers that had found their way into Jacob's heart.

Peter William at the sight of them was moved to loquacity: he launched out upon the story of Jacob's first and only love: a pair of slippers.

But he did not suspect that Marianne was aware that these slippers were her own.

He told the story humorously, inimitably. Sarah laughed more than once; but Marianne was dumb. She was

saying in her heart, "My slippers they were as waked him, mine!" And quite suddenly here feet were upon the trail of Jacob's pursuit of the slippers' owner.

Her heart sang. She rose and pushed open the door that led by a flight of stairs from the kitchen to the room above.

Peter William and Sarah were alone.

After a moment Peter William spoke and the lilt was gone from his voice, the laughter from his eyes. "Her aint not dependable," he said. His gaze wavered, chagrin and uncertainty twisted his mouth to a wry smile.

Sarah pitied him. "I misdoubt ee have made a scart o' trouble for thyself," she said. Dawning comprehension seized her: her heart held anger at Peter William's clumsy attempt at diplomacy. But her anger was the anger of one who feels her own impotence to aid the sufferer whom she must attempt to comfort.

"I loves she," said Peter William.

"And ee have wooed she wi' talk o' Jacob," said Sarah. She puckered up her lips, looking hard into Peter William's eyes. "Jacob were thy friend?" she hazarded.

Her words were a question. Peter William did not blench before it. "He be that now," he said. Resolution had come to him. He straightened his back, and, if his face were drawn, his eyes held a steely firmness of resolve that belied that betrayal in measure. "Let him have she," he said. And added, "I knowed backalong as 'twere he as her were wantin'."

He stooped down and lifted the gray slippers. He seemed to weigh a thought that had come to him, to fight a battle against himself. Then he

slipped them into his pocket and laughed, but oddly. "I gives she up," he said. "Her weren't for I. I knowed it when I found en tip-toein' Jacob's fender."

He went to the door, opened it, and passed out into the night.

He found Jacob seated by his fire.

For several moments the two men maintained silence; they did not look at each other.

Then Peter William said suddenly, "I aint agoin' to speak to she, come mornin'."

Jacob hesitated. He did not affect to misunderstand. His eyes moved to Peter William's face and questioned, but with impersonality.

Peter William's eyes were fugitive. But he stooped down and with a certain deliberation in his movements placed upon the hearth, first one and then the other of a pair of little gray slippers. He looked full at Jacob then, and in his eyes there shone a transfiguring light of self-abnegation. "They and she be thine," he said. "Come mornin' do ee ask for she. . . They do set well atip-toein' to the blazes . . . an' Marianne'll make ee a proper maiden. . . It aint complainin' as I do be as ee did get the start of I in lovin' the slippers o' Marianne afore ee did love she herself . . . No, I aint complainin'; these do be the ways o' Providence, an' past findin' out."

He stood up, and without a second glance at Jacob went slowly to the door.

Jacob hardly heard him. He leant back in his seat and challenged with wide startled eyes and a heart that bounded tumultuously the tiny gray list slippers of Marianne.

Jessie Leckie Herbertson.

RUSSIA FROM WITHIN.

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

Russia is now passing through one of those brief periods of relative repose during which peoples in revolution are wont to draw breath and cast a hasty glance over the space already traversed. The force of the first fierce impetus is well nigh spent, disappointment tinges hope, fatigue slackens effort, wasteful delays and irksome defeats damp revolutionary fervor and the oscillating nation, half contented with its first success, is swinging back from anarchism towards monarchy, order and law. In a word, it is one of those decisive moments when the destinies of a people seem to hang trembling in the balance, and a slight touch would send either scale definitely downward. Among the Russian people the old emotions, strivings, traditions, are not dead but smouldering in the ashes of consumed hopes and might yet be converted into the motive power of constructive action. The conservatism of the masses is still capable of responding to the right kind of voice, could it but make itself heard. But, on the other hand, in the breasts of that same people the human beast, hitherto lulled by Christianity or cowed by the Tsardom, has been awakened and unchained, and is ready to work havoc in the empire whenever a strong man arises and gives the word of command. But it still looks, and probably is, easier to keep order than to revolutionize the whole nation.

Anyhow, a politician of moderate intellectual powers, one who had but barely a claim to be termed a statesman, might—unless all tokens are uncommonly deceptive—bring about the triumph either of the monarchy or the democracy. Certainly the chances appear to be nearly evenly balanced. The projected insurrection in Septem-

ber, for which elaborate preparations had been made at home and abroad, was crushed in the embryo, the general strike was reduced to an empty threat by the hungry wives and famishing children of the workmen; the general paralysis which the reign of revolutionary terror was expected to produce in the administration, was staved off by dint of dogged perseverance bordering upon heroism; and despite the crimes of hideous ferocity which are daily committed in Poland, the Baltic Provinces and the Caucasus, the stream of Russian life now flows more or less smoothly in its ordinary channel. Stolypin's name was a serious pledge to the Russian nation that the liberties conceded a twelvemonth ago will not be subverted, the programme issued by his cabinet made that assurance doubly sure, and the edge of the popular passion is dulled considerably.

People are consequently modifying their attitude towards the Tsar and the traditions and aspirations which are focused in his cause. Their hostility is less sharp. Their eagerness to continue the fray is not nearly so keen as it was, while their willingness to wait and see what course the crown will take when left to itself is perceptibly growing. All they now want is a little encouragement—a peg to hang fresh hopes on. On the one hand, give the monarch a spokesman who can gauge the temper of his people, opportunely humor it, and playing on the chord of passion or reason, can strike the keynote of the time; and on the other hand, give the masses a trusted guide—that same imperial spokesman—able to discern and assimilate the master ideas of the new movement and to inoculate with these the transfigured ancient régime, and the palsied Tsardom might

rise again and render unto the Tsar what is the Tsar's, and to the people what should of right belong to the people, in its present phase of development. In a word, Imperial Russia, as it is to-day, may be likened to a child's whipping-top which, having struck a stone, is wobbling and about to fall. A single stroke of the whip at the right moment in the right place would set it spinning anew, as fast as ever, whereas that same stroke at the wrong moment or in the wrong place will knock it motionless. Analogously the monarchy and the dynasty are tottering to their fall, and they will perhaps be definitely saved or ruined within the next six months by two men of the Tsar's own choice. In all probability the months that have yet to elapse between this and the elections will decide the fate of Russia for generations.

Now the two men chosen by Nicholas II. with or without the keen consciousness that he was appointing them to play the part of the *Parcæ* to his people, his dynasty, and his own person are Piotr Arkadyevich Stolypin and Vladimir Nikolayevich Kokofftseff, the former as Premier, the latter as Minister of Finances—the one as pilot to the ship of State the other as engineer and stoker. They had barely six months in which to counteract the effects of two years' disorders, with the help of a disaffected crew and by means of broken steering-gear. And of those six months one is already gone. Their tasks consequently are Herculean, while their resources are Lilliputian. They have to arrange for the maintenance of public order, for the introduction of costly reforms in the army, the navy, the civil service, the expenditure of large sums for educating the population and satisfying the reasonable demands of the peasantry for more land; in a word, they must effect the rapid transfiguration of the whole political framework of the country under most adverse con-

ditions. And there is a certain piquancy in the fact that much of their work will be Penelopean, will consist in undoing in a Liberal Cabinet the threads which they themselves industriously wove in a reactionary one.

In order to estimate the chances which the rejuvenated Russian Empire, as they conceive it, has of coming into existence, one cannot do better than consider the character of its would-be founder and the qualifications which he brings to his task.

M. Stolypin enjoys a personal reputation of which any public man in Russia might well be proud. With him word and thought are known to stand in a certain fixed relation to each other, both emanating from motives which are regarded by his friends and acquaintances as above suspicion. He is a sincere lover of fair play, eschews base actions, and is withal tolerant enough to take men as he finds them and to make the best of very bad bargains. In a word, he belongs to the highest type of gentleman produced by Russian civilization. The son of a chivalrous general and of a clever lady, Stolypin was brought up in the traditions of the old school of the Russian nobility. His mother was a Gorchakoff, whose widespread reputation for *esprit* was by no means usurped. A princess not only in the social, but also in the intellectual, sphere, her double title unhappily died with herself. If intellect were hereditary, and will-power were identical with honesty, the present Premier would indeed be the man to lead his people to the promised land. But inscrutable nature endowed him with other estimable gifts. At school he was distinguished by modesty and application among his fellows, of whom many were clever and most lazy. Mediocre gifts, good conduct in its bureaucratic sense, and a happy easy-going disposition were calculated to attract the benevolent atten-

tion of his superiors, and P. A. Stolypin has uniformly enjoyed the friendship and protection of the most Conservative administrators of the old *régime*. Thus it was by appointment, not by election, that he became Marshal of the Nobility in Kovno and later Governor of the Province of Grodno.

To the Premier's personal friends it appears a good omen that he invariably stood well with the champions of autocracy. He was a favorite even of the most reactionary among them all. They promoted him over the heads of his seniors, suspended traditions and usages in his behalf, and, so to say, pitchforked him into high places. For example, when the Province of Saratoff was greatly disturbed, disorders were of daily occurrence, and the redoubtable Plehve cast around him for an energetic man to administer it; his choice fell upon M. Stolypin, who, though lacking the bureaucratic qualifications for the post, was none the less appointed. Rumor affirms that the credit of discovering M. Stolypin belongs not to Plehve himself but to an ardent Conservative named Rogovich, whose own abilities and attainments M. Stolypin now in turn rates so high that he has nominated him to the Most Holy Synod as the reactionary adjoint to the Liberal Ober-Procureur. Poison and antidote. However this may be, M. Stolypin did good work in Saratoff, and deserved to achieve even much better results than actually attended his efforts. For he visited the disturbed districts in person, blithely running serious risks, and once rescuing a police agent from the fury of the crowd by boldly accepting responsibility for all his subordinates' acts. Witte's heart warmed to this latter-day bureaucrat, and it was the first Russian Premier who, when endeavoring to rid his Cabinet of the compromising personality of Durnovo in the Home Office, suggested Stolypin's

name to the Tsar. It was not, however, until the reactionary Goremykin succeeded Witte that M. Stolypin was made Home Secretary. During his tenure of this office his relations with the retrogressive Prime Minister were excellent, while his attitude towards the progressive Duma was correct, and, at the same time, he won the confidence of the Emperor by courteous or courtly ways which, engrafted upon him by his father, have grown to be second nature to him. How he could associate himself with such reactionary ministers as Goremykin, Stishinsky, and Shikhmatoff, endorse their views, and uphold their policy on the very eve of reversing that policy himself, is a question which is seldom asked in Russia. The psychological process which it implies puzzles no one there.

M. Stolypin is eminently possessed of some of what I should term the mechanical qualifications for the premiership—qualities which in humdrum times would enable him to discharge the duties of the post satisfactorily. Thus he is an early riser, a hard worker, a conscientious public servant; indeed, his sensitive conscientiousness sometimes borders on scrupulosity. For example, having become answerable to the Tsar for every measure proposed by the Cabinet, he accepts the entire responsibility for them all. Even the ideas and schemes which come to him from without he assimilates and fathers in the same offhand way. And this habit, or, at any rate, its consequences, are sometimes resented and often misinterpreted by enterprising men desirous of getting credit for their ideas. The number of friends who thus influence the Premier is strictly limited, but their influence is great because his confidence is entire. To what these advisers propose M. Stolypin listens patiently, and doubtless critically. He then ponders over

the scheme, assimilates it, finally lays it before the Tsar in the form of his own Bill. And of the original author there is no mention anywhere. M. Stolypin doubtless holds that the author conceived only the idea, whereas he himself elaborated the project and must therefore take the whole responsibility for it. Whatever the explanation, the habit is profoundly disliked by those bureaucrats who look to their inventiveness for promotion, and would fain extend the rights of property to the output of the intellect. Neither Witte nor Plehve was wont thus to absorb the happy expedients of others in the product of their own brains. They felt bound to distinguish the originator of every project which they accepted, and to speak of him as the author even to the Emperor. M. Stolypin never does this, and some of his friends perhaps unwisely adduce the habit as a fresh claim to admiration.

Taken together with this curious disregard for the rights of authorship in ideas, M. Stolypin's implicit faith in foreign puffs has given his adversaries ground for scathing criticism. Like those who cry Lord, Lord, and fancy they will enter the kingdom of heaven without more ado, he appears to think that the goodwill of a dozen foreign pressmen would suffice to help him over the enormous obstacles that beset his path in Russia. Hence interviews without end proclaim to the world the various excellences of a programme, which being jejune and stale, ought never to have been dished up anew. What is wanted now are deeds, whereas the Government continue to offer the nation paper black with printers' ink. M. Stolypin's accession to power was signaled by invitations, tactfully and tactlessly made, to foreign correspondents to come and see the members of the new Cabinet for themselves as though their policy might be inferred from their gestures

and looks. And then out of a couple of programmatical loaves and fishes an attempt was made to feed millions of curious. It was an unworthy expedient. M. Stolypin, whose brother is a respected journalist, does well to honor the Press with his confidence, but he should not forget that a statesman's first duty is to keep his own counsel and not to wear his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at.

M. Stolypin's appointment to the post of Premier, Russian patriots say, was an excellent move on the part of the Crown, but only as a makeshift. It was an excellent sedative, nothing more. The Parliamentary Opposition feigned to believe that the charter of October, 1905, was about to be revoked and absolute Government reinstated. They pointed significantly to the reactionary men of the Goremykin Cabinet and to the absence of all reform. The Crown met the false charge by placing the authority in the hands of an official whose whole force lay in his transparent honesty and moral fearlessness. And the move was successful. People argued that if Stolypin promised the maintenance of representative institutions the charges against the Crown must be groundless. They felt that he would give no advice to the Tsar but such as he deemed really sound, and they held that even that was much. Much, but not all. Witte, too, had often tendered excellent advice, but it was not followed. Now what if the Crown turns a deaf ear to Stolypin's counsels, as it did to those of Count Witte, asked the Radical temper? In that case, everybody answered, M. Stolypin will resign. He will not remain a single day in office after the Tsar has rejected his advice. This moral courage, this hardy independence, which the popular voice ascribes to the Russian Premier constitutes his principal merit in the eyes of the population. And nobody doubts

that this estimate of his character is correct. Devoid of that quality he would sink to the level of a mere bureaucrat, who in the presence of Majesty was false to his liberalism as is the needle to the pole when magnets are near.

E pur si muove! Hero-worship is ever based upon exaggerations. The truth would seem to be that M. Stolypin's liberalism is of recent date and his disregard of the monarch's goodwill is wholly non-existent. People forget that he is an honest bureaucrat endowed with uncommon courage, and that his first duty is to his lawful monarch, not to liberal doctrines. A simple test case yields *prima facie* evidence which cannot be slighted. Why did Stolypin concur in Goremykin's programme, accept a place in his Cabinet, and defend a policy of which his own is largely the negation? Why even now does he tolerate in his Cabinet the presence of colleagues whose political principles disagree with his, whose aims run counter to those which he pursues, and whose methods he must by virtue of his character condemn? Why does he allow the energy of some of his colleagues to be wasted in efforts to trip up not the revolutionists but the friends of the monarchy who are no less sincere than themselves because they happen to be competitors? Loyalty to his Emperor obliged him to do so. And that was exactly how Count Witte explained his stay in office despite the Tsar's refusal to sanction measures which the Premier deemed indispensable. But it is not the answer which Fabricius would have given to a Roman King had Rome been a kingdom in his days. Moreover, it is permissible to reason from the past and present to the future. In coming emergencies patriotic observers affirm M. Stolypin is capable of remaining in office, as Count Witte did, after the Emperor has dis-

regarded his urgent advice. That conclusion appears fair enough from the premises. And if so, it follows that the change from Count Witte or M. Goremykin to M. Stolypin was but a change from six to half a dozen.

And therein lies the weak point of the new Premier from the liberal point of view. His one presumed strong point does not exist. He is not capable of presenting an ultimatum to the Tsar and saying, "This do for the weal of the nation, or I shall go."

Again, even from the dynastic angle of vision, M. Stolypin's utility is exceedingly problematical. In order to save the monarchy in Russia, what is now wanted above all is a man not only of clear vision but of versatile craft, which in a troublous epoch like the present would enable him to discern the cardinal issues, to devise the most inspiring war-cries, to choose the most advantageous battle-ground. The Premier should be ready to act decisively at a moment which, though it might seem trivial to most, is felt by him to be really decisive, and he should be capable of striking out, if necessary, a course that is pathless to a goal that is far distant. That M. Stolypin is endowed with any of these characteristics of a statesman no competent person acquainted with the man or his public acts has ever ventured to assert. He lacks utterly strength of will while appearing to the superficial to possess it. This simulacrum of will-power is the result of the Minister's uniformity of conduct in a country where conduct is usually fitful and emotional, combined with the way in which he emphasizes his ego. Incapable of baseness, the ethical character of his actions is uniform. Courage, too, he undoubtedly has, but it is passive, or, say, fortitude in a high degree, but of that other active courage which ventures far afield in pursuit of remote ends he has hitherto given no proof.

His insight, judged in the light of his public acts, seems equally at fault. He surveys a set of acts, and in accordance with these he endeavors to adjust his policy. Yet not all of these facts are of the same value; some are cardinal and unchangeable, others secondary and liable to modification. To classify them all as homogeneous and equally significant—the mistake into which he has frequently fallen—constitutes a danger alike to the dynasty and the country. If excellent intentions and the ingenuousness of a *Candide* could make a statesman, M. Stolypin would well deserve the name. He vigilantly watches the waves of tendency sweeping onward, and strives to turn the vessel's head to meet their impact, and failing this he tries to keep the boat from capsizing, but he does not conquer them and compel them to help them in his forward course. He lacks the gift of creatively combining facts that are far apart, of conceiving grandiose designs, of shaping effective human instruments from the fruits *secs* of society, and of scoring those splendid triumphs which are the milestones of universal history.

When critics point their finger of scorn at the fissures and breaches in the old political fabric, and when brigands attempt to enter in by them and attack the throne, the Premier is willing to set about repairing them. At a pinch he can patch and tinker to some purpose, but to recast seems wholly beyond him. He is honest and moderate in all things, daring in none. So devoid is he of vices and passions that one is pleased to learn that at least one weakness enters into his moral equipment—the amiable kind of vanity which might be aptly termed egocentricity.

That valuable gift of appreciation of human character, without which even a clever politician is like Polyphemus with his eye out, is wanting to M.

Stolypin in a degree which is truly exceptional. The appointments he has made, including that of the adjoint Procuror to the Holy Synod, are deplorable. His judgment is warped by an ingrained tendency to think well of everybody. He has no eye not only for such ethical differences as have to be divined from slender indications, but for great moral contrasts when embodied in men. Nestor and Thersites, Peter and Ananias, are contemplated through the medium of the same beautifying glass: Hence, rarely suspecting evil, he is slow to take preventive measures against it, and half-hearted in repressing crime. Even when calamities confront him, his optimism belittles their extent and magnifies his means of coping with them. From mercenary subordinates he expects heroic self-denial, and even now relies upon this imaginary quality for the political success of his government. His own most praiseworthy fortitude under a terrible ordeal extorted the admiration even of his political adversaries—personal enemies he has none. But he is a rare exception. And to assume, as he does, that the tag-rag and bobtail of the bureaucracy will, when occasion calls for it, display similar heroism is a mistake which, generous in an individual, is baleful in a political leader. Yet the plain and disquieting truth, as dispassionate Russians apprehend it, is that M. Stolypin's policy is grounded largely upon that postulate, which does credit to his heart. The victory which he anticipates over the revolution will be won, if at all, he has told the nation, by a bureaucracy animated by a spirit of selfless devotion to the Tsar. That or nothing is the groundwork upon which the new Russian Premier is basing public order. When Russian officialdom comes up to M. Stolypin's present estimate of it, human life will be fairly safe in Russia and property more or less re-

spected. Until then, he hopefully asks his countrymen—as General Kuropatkin did—to display patience and patience and patience. There is something peculiarly pathetic in this touching reliance upon a quality which is purely imaginary. One is reminded of the temper of the bureaucracy before the war, of the self-confidence with which the campaign was undertaken, and of the victorious army which was to annihilate the Japanese but which never appeared. Will the phalanx of selfless bureaucrats on which M. Stolypin puts his trust ever appear?

Already the salient results of this easy-going faith are alarming calm observers. What they may yet become when the revolution waxes stronger one trembles to imagine. Even now Russia is being ruled by half a dozen secret governments, each of which enjoys more authority than the government of the Tsar, and each of which is connived at by the Tsar's liveried servants, M. Stolypin's selfless bureaucrats. Officials of all ranks are receiving pay from the Treasury and doing work for the anarchists, some being moved by a combination of the instinct of self-preservation and the impulse of idealism. In the army and navy there are many men who work strenuously for the ruin of both; in the post and telegraph department the anti-monarchists are numerous and formidable; in the church there are priests and even prelates who have joined the spiritual army against which they had hitherto been fighting; in the Home Office, aye, in the very centre of the Home Office, the revolution has its scouts and spies; in a word, the reed upon which the monarchy is leaning is broken and sharp. Happily the monarch himself seems to be well guarded. But is anybody well protected in Russia? Even now, while M. Stolypin is uttering sweet discourses about the ethical responsibilities of of-

ficials, *there are enterprising individuals who have access to the police, know their every move in advance, and pass on the information to those whom it most closely concerns. And of these individuals at least one has occasional access to the palace.* The tricks which are thus daily played upon the police are most ludicrous; unfortunately their consequences are sometimes most tragical. Of all this M. Stolypin is unaware; otherwise he would end it summarily. His most experienced detectives have no suspicion of it. Indeed it would appear wildly incredible were a true account published of some of the adventures of these human antannæ put forth by anarchism in the capitals. It makes one rub one's eyes in astonishment at the swift and emphatic contradictions which the new head of the Cabinet gives to all reports that he intends to reorganize the police.

While the Premier is thus trusting to the sense of duty of the bureaucracy the insurgents put their faith in violence. Bombs and revolvers enforce the decrees of their committees whenever they are not implicitly obeyed. In the Caucasus, in Poland, in Livland, Kurland, Esthland, heavy taxes are levied, Draconian laws are promulgated, cruel death sentences are passed and executed regularly and effectually by the rebels. In the Province of Kutais the labor population is taxed irksomely for the work of "liberation."

The landowners who cannot afford to pay the sum demanded by the Revolutionary Committee flee to the chief provincial town and sometimes into space. . . . The revolutionary brigand, Apraxion Merkviladze, withstands the onslaught of the legitimate armed force. Welcomed by his "sympathizers," Merkviladze has become a legendary hero whom it is impossible to arrest. Many of the inhabitants of Kutais affirm that the "liberationists" who attacked the peaceful population in order to seize arms remained inviolable. Numbers of

them stayed on in the service of the State, continuing, as before, to receive their very respectable salary from the Treasury.

Why have not the assassins of Colonel Khodetsky, of Grekoff, the superintendent of the ecclesiastical school of Kuznetsoff, and others received condign punishment? Did they disappear in the waves? Nowise. They are sauntering about quite leisurely, well aware that nobody will dare to touch them even with his finger.¹

For conscientious bureaucrats conduct of that kind is surprising; yet it seems to have escaped the notice of the easy-going Premier and his assistants, just as the tricks of the clever anarchists have who hoodwink the police and hobnob with the palace officials. Our informant then goes on:

The extent to which the inviolability of the person of such scoundrels is guaranteed, appears from the following fact: "The murderer of Squire Melman and of several Cossacks and watchmen—a fellow named Khartveshvilli—when despatching one of his victims was himself wounded in the neck. Well, he had himself cared for very comfortably in his own home. He was visited there by his friends and acquaintances. Everybody spoke of it all quite openly. *And yet the local administration did not feel called upon to apprehend him.*"

It is upon that type of official that M. Stolypin and his colleagues are making the destinies of the Empire dependent.

The Tsar cannot be informed of these matters, which the Premier's agents must know, and still less of those other more dangerous doings which even his detectives do not suspect. Here is a pithy statement of what goes on now in Kakhetie, a part of the Province of Tiflis: "A band of brigands has subjected to itself not only the terrorized population but also the administration." In Voronesh, the

centre, so to say, of the Empire, the Vice-Governor, while relied upon by the Premier and the Tsar, was in communication with men who openly opposed the Tsar. In Odessa a large number of well-to-do inhabitants get letters from revolutionary committees demanding large sums of money under pain of death. The amount of these "subscriptions" may be gauged from the circumstance that one wealthy gentleman was ordered to pay half a million roubles. The journal which makes known the fact adds: "If many people subscribe it would hardly be fair to condemn them. Among the rich there are old, feeble, and also pusillanimous and timid."²

How life and property are protected on M. Stolypin's lines in the Baltic Provinces may be reasonably inferred from the following narrative, because it is typical:

In the Riga district armed men appear in a wayside inn, present an order of the secret government, furnished with the seal of the Social Democratic Committee, which ordains that the business of the inn shall cease immediately and that a fine of 200 roubles be paid. After many solicitations they accept 100 roubles and authorize business for one month longer, but at the expiry of that term the order is to be carried out without fail. In that same district four individuals enter the grounds of a farmer, and call for his money and his fire-arms, and having received fourteen roubles depart. A few minutes later, however, they return and kill the farmer on the spot. Then they pass on to the school building, shatter the windows, force the doors, demand admittance, and are let in by the schoolmaster's wife. She receives them quaking with fear. The bandits tell husband and wife to turn their backs and raise their hands up. Then they shoot the pair dead. When the neighbors came upon the scene they found two lifeless bodies lying in a pool of gore and surrounded by a number of

¹ "Novoye Vremya," September 4.

² "Novoye Vremya," August 7.

orphan children of whom the eldest was but eleven.

In the same district armed men called upon the farmer Kikura, and questioned him as to why he had not obeyed the order to pay in three hundred roubles to the revolutionary funds. Kikura besought them to give him a little time. He had, he explained, only 139 roubles in hand to which they were welcome, and he handed that sum over. The ruffians took the money and killed Kikura then and there. Judging by the numerous cases of this kind they have trained the inhabitants to fulfil their commands without question, and it is a matter of common knowledge that many are at greater pains to pay the revolutionary taxes than those of the State. In the same district a proscription list is being handed around containing the names of thirty inhabitants condemned to death, one of whom, M. Aven, has already been shot, but by mistake—for in the list of the condemned it is his brother's name, not his, that appears.³

The revolutionists are silent about heroism, idealism, selfless devotion and other civic virtues. They leave the work of phrase-weaving to carpet-liberals and hopeful ministers. The bomb and the Browning are quite good enough for them. And their work gets done satisfactorily. Taxes are levied—heavy taxes too—uncomplainingly. Disobedience is punished ruthlessly. Capital punishment, however, is not abolished, nor is there any talk of an amnesty. And if an occasional mistake is made, and the wrong persons butchered, it is atoned for by the chronic good intention of the executioners. On the other hand, the Tsar's taxes are withheld; even well-to-do landowners offer lame excuses in lieu of roubles and kopecks. The Tsar's servants are shot down like grouse and generally nobody is brought to judgment. Even when the assassins are strutting about the highways and byways or holding *levées* in their own

homes while their wounds are healing, the local authorities on whose ethical instincts M. Stolypin relies, regard them as inviolable. By a curious freak of ironical fate, the bureaucracy which hitherto sinned by shamelessly abusing force, is now perishing because it hesitates to use it. A judicious blend of force against the anarchist element and reforms for the rest of the population would, many Russians hold, change the face of Russia and the fortunes of the dynasty before the Duma meets. But M. Stolypin and his colleagues hesitate, discourse sweetly, and rely upon sentiment to bring about a change which would be miraculous. And thus the valuable breathing-space granted to the monarchy may pass unutilized.

This neglect of an opportunity which is rare if not unique may mean a national calamity to Russia—where a peasant republic is the end pursued. It may also connote a dire misfortune to the rest of Europe, where, for generations to come, the vicissitudes of the Slav upheaval will keep going a constant undercurrent of violent striving among the growing democracies. The Tsardom has signally failed in all its attempts at defence and offence in which force alone was useless. That was to be expected. Against fate neither men nor measures may prevail. But where force is still decisive failure spells the condemnation of the minister who had the wielding of it. It was the Tsar's advisers, not the decrees of Fate, that, operating during the past two years, rendered a constitution indispensable. Russia might have gone on for another quarter of a century without it had it not been for the mistaken policy to which the Emperor was persuaded to give his sanction. In like manner to-day an intelligent and strong Premier, a man with an iron hand in a velvet glove, with a clear head and a clean conscience, might found a stable government on

³ "Novoye Vremya," September 11.

the groundwork supplied by the October Charter without any of the new-fangled doctrines that have been recently tagged on to it. But the only effective means are the introduction of real reforms without delay and the application of ruthless force against pitiless human butchers. And the term after which this feat may no longer be feasible expires in five months. *Caveant consules*, is the cry of the alarmed Russian patriot.

To-day the Tsar can use force because the army is still faithful and the bulk of the people is still law-abiding, order-loving. But these good dispositions are largely the result of *vis inertiae*. After the dissolution of another Duma they may have entirely vanished. Already a section of the police and the troops is disaffected. But the core is sound. When this too is gnawed through by the worm of disloyalty, as it soon may be, the Tsardom will find itself among the lost causes and the Democratic Republic will be ready for embodiment. This misfortune could be hindered by the peasants, who furnish the new army recruits. If the Government wins over the rural population it will remain in possession of the force which secures victory. But this is an arduous task, calling for a campaign of suasive propaganda as well as a series of relief measures. And of the need of these the Government seems but semi-conscious. The revolutionists' cause is well served by self-denying emissaries who inculcate their welcome gospel on the credulous farmers. The *mooshik* has been told by these to abstain from electing representatives to the agrarian commissions appointed by the Cabinet, and in numerous cases he has obeyed. When enjoined not to vote for moderate candidates to the Duma, but to return extremists, it is to be feared that he will also comply with this request. And then what will be the result not

merely to the Cabinet, which is but a means to an end, but to the cause of Russia, which is at present identical with that of the Monarchy? Failure may merge in a national calamity. And it is for this reason that Russian patriots, while energetically supporting M. Stolypin's Cabinet, regard the Premier and his team, in spite of their excellent intentions, as a serious danger to the dynasty, the monarchy, and the national weal.

With such a Fabian plan of campaign as was floating in M. Stolypin's mind he ought, one would think, never to have allowed the Crown to act upon the advice which, judging by the policy of the last three months, he himself originated, approved, or assented to. For example, when Minister of the Interior he must have known full well that the Cabinet, of which he was the most distinguished member, intended to break with the Duma. For there was no other alternative. He was further aware that it behoved the Government above all things to have a just quarrel, and on an issue which it could frankly submit to the nation and make known to the world. That was a vital point and an average politician must have realized it. Why, then, when the critical hour struck which brought the Government its opportunity did he not insist on its being seized and utilized? That was the day on which the Duma refused to vote the smallest credit necessary and sufficient to relieve the famine-stricken peasantry. The deputies allotted fifteen instead of seventy-five million roubles, an economy which if observed would have caused the deaths of some millions of the peasants, whose cause they professed to have at heart. That was the moment to join issue, to dissolve the Parliament and say to the nation: "These men whom you sent or allowed to be sent hither as your representatives are so unpatriotic that they are sacrificing millions of lives in or-

der to inflict a pinprick upon the Government. Their protestations of love and solicitude for you and the likes of you are hollow. They are using you as stepping-stones to power, and care little whether your bodies, on which they tread, are living or dead. We are sending them back to you to deal with."

Had M. Stolypin and his colleagues spoken thus, the prospects of the cause of monarchy and order would be more hopeful to-day than they actually are, and much else would be different in the condition of Russia. No statesman would have allowed his Imperial master to run the risks to which the neglect of that opportunity has since exposed the Crown.

Again, when the Duma was dissolved, why did the Premier act as though he lacked the courage of his convictions? Why did he curry favor with the very men whose words and acts he and his colleagues had so severely condemned? The army of deputies was disbanded because the Government held that their programme was wildly impracticable, and that they misrepresented the nation. Yet M. Stolypin's first act on taking over the duties of Premier implied the very opposite. For he strove to persuade some of those oppositional deputies, whose programme was equally wild, to join the Cabinet, in order to impart to it some rays of the halo which surrounded the "representatives of the nation." This is one of those naïve mistakes which not only a statesman but even an average politician would sedulously avoid. And those *pas de clerc* are only the most striking and fateful of a whole sequel of acts tending to defeat the ends which the Premier had in view. Here it is impossible even to enumerate them. His choice of fellow workers whenever a place fell vacant and his silent consent to work together with colleagues, some of whom are openly bringing each other into

contempt, goes far to lessen one's surprise at the verdict of sagacious Russians that it would be hard to find in the highest ranks of the bureaucracy a Premier more dangerous to the monarchy and the nation than this honest official, animated by the very best intentions towards both, to whom the Tsar has entrusted the fortunes of his house and the welfare of his people.

M. Stolypin is a truly noble Russian who richly deserves to be judged by what he would do rather than by what he actually achieves or is likely to achieve. Nobody doubts that he would willingly lay down his life for his country and his sovereign; and the example of heroic fortitude which he recently set warrants even the most despondent of Russians to hope better things for their sorely tried fatherland. But precisely because of his admirable personal qualities, his influence upon the Crown and the nation appears to unbiased Russians to be fraught with disaster to both. To the Crown, because he may all the more easily persuade the monarch to fritter away in petty palliatives the precious respite bestowed by fate, which might well be used to reconcile people and sovereign and bring together a practical Duma. And on the nation his political influence appears not less baleful, because with all his sterling qualities M. Stolypin is sadly deficient in the stern moral fibre which distinguishes a genuine people's patriot from an easy-going courtier who sees everything, including his own amiable weakness, through the roseate medium of optimism. While this judgment leaves the high personal character of the minister unaffected, it detracts enormously from his political usefulness, and supplies strong grounds why the Russian people who desire to rally round the Tsar's minister must look upon him with misgivings. For that reason it ought to be substantiated more fully

than it has been in the first part of this article. The following facts hitherto unpublished and unknown to the Russian Press will doubtless suffice.⁴

Among the few purveyors of political ideas and schemes from whom the Premier regularly draws the raw material of his law-projects is his adjoint, M. Kryshanoffsky. This gentleman recently laid before M. Stolypin a plan for the revival of the Tsar's popularity by means of a great money sacrifice to be made by the Imperial family. The peasants, he said, want land, and we want the peasants' confidence and co-operation. Let the Tsar distribute, to those peasants who really need more land certain portions of the apanages⁵ whence the Imperial family draws the funds requisite for the support of its members.

M. Stolypin assimilated this idea, worked it up into a definite scheme, and laid it before the Tsar with such ethico-political condiments as his own suasive oratory and transparent honesty naturally provided. The lands in question, he said, must be given gratis. No money accounts whatever must arise between Tsar and people. His Majesty should bestow the lands freely, generously, and the peasantry would pay him back a hundredfold in gratitude. The result would be most satisfactory. Among other things, enthusiasm for the Imperial house

would be revived among the masses. Emulation would be aroused among the landlord classes, who would imitate the good example set by the august occupant of the throne; the agrarian problem, and with it the whole political and social problem, would enter upon a phase which, no longer acute, would afford time and means for the reunion of Tsar and people.

For this daring project, whatever its genesis, M. Stolypin is responsible. He made it his own. He believed in its necessity and efficacy. He generously suppressed the name of the author. It was indispensable to the weal of the nation, and for that reason, alone he advocated it. Now, for the same reason, one would think, he ought to have insisted upon its adoption or else withdrawn from the responsible post of Minister. One thing or the other. That was his rôle. Yet the Tsar refused to sanction the scheme, and for reasons the conclusive force of which most dispassionate outsiders will probably recognize. But M. Stolypin, who withstood the arguments put forward by Baron Friederickx and others, could not withstand the influence of the Court. Like Galileo he bowed to the decision of his superiors, and mentally, it may be, ejaculating a *pur si muove* he agreed to dispense with the indispensable specific for his country's ills.⁶

⁴ I vouch for the accuracy of the data given in the following pages.

⁵ It is from the apanages that the members of the Imperial family draw their financial resources in accordance with the regulations issued in 1797 by Tsar Paul. Under John IV. there were "forty cities, villages, and wards" allotted for the purpose. At present the members of the Imperial family receive their annual allowance in cash, and not in kind. When the apanages were first created they produced less than £300,000 sterling a year, whereas ten years ago they amounted to £2,000,000. Besides the yearly allowance given to each member entitled to one, the apanages form the source of all expenses for travelling, for the maintenance of palaces, &c. In 1801

only five members of the Imperial family were entitled to allowances from the apanages, and the amount expended was about £350,000; in 1896 there were forty-six members of the reigning house receiving allowances, and the total sum laid out was about £520,000.

⁶ The powerful arguments on which Baron Friederickx and his friends relied were chiefly two. In the first place, the apanages, they urged, are the property whence the Imperial family draws its sustenance, nothing whatever being contributed by the Treasury for the support of the Emperor or the members of his house. Now while it would be quite feasible in theory to commute these possessions into an annual grant, in practice the scheme would be impossible to-day. For it would

The amiable weakness of which that incident offers an illustration will surely endear the good-natured Premier to the general run of easy-going Russians, but it seems eminently calculated to deprive him of the confidence of the millions. M. Stolypin's main strength lay in the belief that if his advice to the Crown were not accepted he would retire. And this belief is now shattered. Moreover, he strongly advised his sovereign to make a financial sacrifice which would have severely harmed the dynasty without impressing the people. It would have put the Imperial house in the power of the coming Duma and aroused the passions of the peasantry against the land-owners. It was just the final touch which would have sufficed to send the revolutionary scale downward and to break the monarchy. But it would be highly unjust to blame M. Stolypin, who acted according to his lights. Nobody is intellectually short-sighted or morally weak-willed by choice. And the Russian Premier, who has done

The National Review.

his best under most trying conditions, deserves the hearty support of all the patriotic elements in the country. For the cause he represents is that of order, of law, of humanity. He is an honest administrator in a trothless environment; he is politically little in a movement of elemental magnitude, a straw in the eddies of a seething maelstrom. Truly he is well worthy of genuine sympathy.

And still more deserving of sympathy is the Russian Monarchy with which, during this its brief period of grace, fate seems to be dealing as it dealt with the captive mouse in the fable. Caught in a casket and seemingly condemned to death by starvation, the little rodent ended by discovering several places through which it might gnaw its way. All of them were safe but the one it chose. For having gnawed its way through that and jumped through the aperture, it landed in the maw of a hungry snake that was impatiently waiting on the other side.

THE LABOR PARTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

The part which organized labor is likely to play in the political game in the United States is one which, if we may venture to make a prediction, will at no distant time surprise the party managers on both sides in politics. In the recent elections in Maine the influence of the labor vote in reducing the substantial majority of the official

need the sanction of the Duma, and in the present temper of the nation it would be folly for the Tsar to throw himself and family on the generosity of its representatives. In the second place, the Premier's proposal is a flagrant violation of the principle publicly laid down by the Emperor himself, that private property in the Empire is inviolable. For it would involve the expropriation of lands belonging not only to himself but also to others who might reasonably feel discontented. And

party, and in particular in reducing the majority of Mr. Littlefield, who received the sturdy backing of official members of President Roosevelt's administration, came as a surprise. There is in the United States a set of men who take long views. They have no interest in the party struggle simply for itself. Their concern is with the

to that extent it would run counter to the policy promulgated by the Tsar. And not only to that extent. The Emperor would be also putting strong pressure upon his courtiers and his loyal subjects among the land-lord class to follow his example. They would feel morally bound in degrees, varying with their attachment to the throne and their devotion to their country, to do as the monarch had done.

government of the forces which have enabled them to acquire the wealth and accumulate the vast fortunes which they have amassed. These are the men who make it a point not to forget how unexpectedly near to success Mr. Bryan came in the Presidential struggle two terms ago, in spite of his extraordinary programme. Is labor, therefore, likely to do anything generally unforeseen in the future struggle between parties in America? Mr. Roosevelt is openly bidding for the support of the new ideas and the new forces in politics, with results that have certainly of late been in large measure unexpected by the organized forces representing wealth. Mr. Bryan is again a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He makes his bow to the conservative forces, but he recognizes the drift of the times and he definitely, and in unmistakable terms, demands the State ownership of railways. Is labor likely to follow the development which seems probable in Great Britain? Is it possible for it to attain to any larger sense of solidarity or to ally any of its new idealism to an independent organization that might upset the calculations of both political parties in the State?

The labor position in the United States has many features which may lead to developments hard to calculate. The position in some particulars greatly resembles that in Great Britain; in others it is widely different from it. Mr. Keir Hardie has recently been telling a labor meeting at Salt-coats that we are on the eve of great developments in Great Britain. The rise of the Labor party, he said, was a reality. But both its principles and its programme are avowedly and necessarily hostile to the old-fashioned individualism which has hitherto constituted the very essence of Liberalism in Great Britain. There would eventually be no compromise, Mr. Keir Hardie

said, between the two. "Between Socialism and Liberalism there was a gulf fixed which could not be bridged, and the struggle must go on between Labor and both Liberalism and Conservatism until the time came when there should be but two parties in the State—the Socialist and the anti-Socialist." Every thinking politician understands the character of the new forces which have been released amongst us in Great Britain and also that they are likely to carry us fast and far in the game of party politics. But in the United States the situation is ripe, in some of its features, even to virulence. The party game in the United States has hitherto been the party game between the two historic parties with an exclusiveness which we scarcely dream of in Great Britain. No Irish party, no third, or fourth, or fifth party has hitherto had any standing in the individualistic free fight in politics in the United States. For over a century the two recognized parties have ruled and organized the State so completely in their own way that they have in all the Presidential elections held during that time obtained 95 per cent. of the total votes cast. One can see the kind of opportunity which presents itself under the party system to a labor leader of the true type of genius in the United States in these days of developments towards the solidarity of labor. It will be remembered that this exclusive rule of the two traditional parties has been a rule of capitalism in its most unregulated phases—legalized individualism, as it was called in these columns recently, run wild and apparently now uncontrollable in the public interest. If labor is coming to feel that it has no part or lot in the individualism of the old-fashioned Liberalism of the mill-owners of Great Britain, how much more must it come to feel it in the country of gigantic combines, the country

in which there is no national sovereign power, and in which the ultimate secret of politics is that property in the last resort does as it pleases? All this points to a development which is bound to come in the United States and which is probably destined to influence profoundly the character of the political party struggle.

It is, of course, impossible to foresee what may happen at any time in the United States under the guidance of a labor leader of the required type in these days when democracies are moved, as they have never been moved before, by large and simple ideas which appeal to the imagination through a blend of passion and reason. The forces on the other side are, however, also in evidence. They are forces of a kind that the Labor party in Great Britain have had no experience of. In America one great obstacle in the way of obtaining that solidarity which labor dreams of is the enormous influx of immigrants. It is not that the newcomers are of all races, nationalities and languages, or that their different wants and aims present almost insurmountable obstacles in the first generation to any effective co-operation. The great difficulty which results in organizing the aims of labor is that the vast majority of the immigrants have, even in the lowest condition of their class in the United States, reached what is to them hitherto unimagined comfort and luxury. It is a similar cause operating at a higher level which militates against every effort of labor in the United States to attain to a vigorous fighting consciousness of its position as a wronged class, and which tends to prevent it from organizing itself, aloof from the two other parties in politics. One has but to look down the tables of the comparative rates of wages in the various countries of the world to understand that the present prosperity of the United States fur-

nishes anything but a favorable condition for the development of revolutionary labor conceptions. The average wage of a bricklayer in London at the present time is 43s. a week. In New York the average rate is 119s. In Italy, the country from which the stream of immigration now flows most steadily, the prevailing wage is only 16s. a week. It is in these figures that we have the essence of the problem which confronts labor as a party in the United States, seeking to organize itself apart in politics. Similar comparative figures for most other trades and occupations furnish the answer that wealth is able to give to the formidable indictment which labor formulates against it in America. In the present rapid state of development in the United States the conditions are such as must be expected to prevail. But they are conditions which tend for the time to cover all political sins, and to justify all tyrannies. Even the organization of Tammany, one learns by experience in New York, presents no front to the newly arrived immigrant or the newly made American citizen such as we who read newspapers hear of. It is rather looked upon as a kind of Providence protecting the friendless, finding employment and remuneration for them, rewarding its servants, cherishing its friends, resisting its enemies. And all so different from the machineries of European States which grind the poor! And all at such good wages! Yet Tammany can hardly hope to be judged by civilization on this record. One of the features of the labor development in the United States at the present time is the rapid expansion in trade-union membership and the development of the unions on national lines. In Great Britain membership has been stationary or tending to decline for the past five or six years. In the State of New York membership of trade-unions has doubled in this period, and the

membership of a national body like the American Federation has trebled. Labor in America has lived through the phase of local benefit societies, and its organization on national lines is proceeding rapidly. Any interruption of

The Outlook.

the existing era of prosperity will undoubtedly lead to the development of a consciousness of national solidarity on the part of labor never before experienced. And labor in the United States will probably discover its man.

THE HOHENLOHE "REVELATION."

We do not quite understand why the German Emperor has reprimanded Prince Philip Hohenlohe so sharply for publishing his father's Memoirs—which, by the way, were published by his brother—for the revelations in those Memoirs redound, on the whole, greatly to the Emperor's credit. Perhaps his Majesty feared that the incident might establish a precedent, and so permit any German to publish accounts of himself or his policy without his previous permission. Power, on that theory, is dearer to the Emperor even than praise. The Kaiser, it appears, explained to Prince Hohenlohe, the late Chancellor of the Empire, in a speech of an hour's duration, delivered almost without stopping, the precise causes of his quarrel with Bismarck, and the consequent "dropping" of that great "Pilot." The "Iron Chancellor," it is clear from the narrative, had rendered himself impossible. He was determined to rule Germany, and forgot entirely that, whatever his services or his mental powers, he was, as he himself had previously declared, only "a vassal of the Hohenzollerns." Both as King of Prussia and as Emperor of Germany, William II. had a right, after asking advice, to control the foreign policy of his country. Prince Bismarck, on the contrary, aware that he had effected the work of consolidation, aware also of powers in himself far beyond those of any Emperor, and swelling with the reflection that in

every contest with his former master, William I., his will had finally prevailed, considered that he had an indefeasible right to rule, and to rule in a rough and direct way which Princes even in Constitutional States rarely encounter without some lingering sense of having been insulted.

The first contest with his young Sovereign had arisen about the Emperor's treatment of the Socialists. Prince Bismarck had determined to reject all their requests, to dissolve if they persisted in them, and, if the Dissolution produced uproar, to put them down by force. The Emperor disapproved of that policy. He had not, he told Prince Hohenlohe, the prestige of his grandfather's wonderful career, and thought it unwise to commence his reign while still a young, and therefore untried, man by shooting down his subjects. He would try first of all to remove some grievances of the poor. Prince Bismarck persisted obstinately, even consulting foreign diplomatists as to the expediency of his master's idea of a Workmen's Conference; but he could not of course take action without his master's consent, and after sulkily threatening resignation, he gave way. He still, however, claimed a position in the Empire and the Kingdom which constitutionally did not belong to him. Both Prussia and Germany are Monarchies in the true sense, even if not quite in the old sense, for the Emperor-King can dismiss any servant

of the Empire or of the Kingdom without the consent of either the German or the Prussian Parliament. Prince Bismarck actually forbade any Minister to ask an audience of the Emperor-King without previously arranging for his own presence at the interview. He insisted, so to speak, on Cabinet government, with himself as dictator and mouthpiece of the Ministry. Indeed, on foreign policy he went a step farther, and assumed the right of taking a line against his master's will. Russia, it seems, wished to occupy Bulgaria, and asked neutrality from the German Emperor. William II. refused, saying that in the contingency suggested Austria would declare war, and he must support his Austrian ally. Bismarck, who throughout his career never gave up the idea that Russia, as a representative of the absolutist principle, was the safest Power to rely on, was bitterly chagrined, so much so that he actually informed the military chiefs that the Kaiser had adopted an anti-Russian policy. This was, in effect, to inform the Court of St. Petersburg that the new Kaiser would not permit the occupation of Bulgaria, and concealed a pretension to guide the German Empire on a vital question on a line to which the Hohenzollerns were opposed. Practically it came to this, as the Grand Duke of Baden expressed it, that there was a contest whether Germany should be ruled by the Bismarck dynasty or that of Hohenzollern. A parting was therefore inevitable. The Emperor might, of course, have yielded; but believing in himself as he did, it was certain that he would not yield, and we cannot say that in the circumstances we think him in the wrong. He was not an English Sovereign, bound by the Constitution to accept advice when seriously proffered, but a German Emperor, responsible, at all events in foreign policy, for his own decisions.

That his decision was to keep his pledge to his ally is to his credit. Why, then, should Prince Philip of Hohenlohe have been so severely wigged? We have offered one suggestion; but there is another as probable. Is it, perchance, because William II., though at heart determined to maintain the Triple Alliance if he can, and to fulfil the obligations imposed upon him by that great agreement, still likes to leave Russia doubtful, and therefore to enjoy the influence naturally accruing from the doubt?

Germans appear to be a little dubious as to the precise effect of this revelation, possibly because, threatened as they are on two sides, they still dread any increase in the rift between Germany and Russia; but Englishmen will notice with pleasure that the instinct of the Emperor, which must influence him, though it may be overborne by bad advice, is to avoid sanguinary violence within his own dominion, and to fulfil the obligation of a treaty, even if it be to his own hurt. An impression of that kind is something gained for the future peace of the world. The sort of suspicion felt in this country as to the policy of Germany is based in the main upon a certain distrust of the character of her Emperor. William II. is supposed to be *au fond* a rash man, capable of sudden actions and decisions which might end in a collision between Germany and Britain. He certainly is so capable, as witness the Kruger telegram, and the sinister menaces which caused the removal of M. Delcassé from the Foreign Ministry of France. But he has also another side to his mind, which makes him more reflective, and which, as we think, comes out strongly in this Hohenlohe revelation. He undoubtedly sees consequences, and that insight is, after all, the greatest check on rashness. It would be most imprudent to rely upon him as one who will never attack Great

Britain; but if he attacks, it will be for grave reason, and in pursuance of a well-weighed, though, it may be, over-ambitious, policy. We must not confuse ambition with rashness, or forget that the quality is not invariably unreasonable. That Germany should persistently increase her Fleet, which can in the end be used only against Great Britain or America, may be—indeed is—most annoying, because it involves to both the threatened countries great additional expenditure, and arrests or checks many enterprises which might be for the benefit of the world. But it is not quite fair to forget, as the less responsible of our publicists sometimes do, that Germany has a full right to build any Fleet she pleases and can pay for; that it is natural for her to desire, as her commerce increases, to establish naval stations all over the world; and that she is pressed by the huge growth of her population to wish for new territories which can contain and feed her annual overspill. It is scarcely a fault in a boy to grow too big for his clothing, nor can it be attributed to him as a crime that he tells everybody about him, sometimes in fretful accents, that he really must have a little more room. It is highly necessary to prevent his irritation inducing him to seek the gratification of his needs in irregular ways, or even in ways which, though regular, are inconvenient to his neighbors; but the desire is not in itself criminal. Occasions of collision may yet arise, more especially

The Spectator.

if William II. is deliberately striving to secure an alliance with the Mussulman masses of the Eastern world; but it will be wiser, if they arise, to deal with them without preoccupations about the immorality of such ambitions or their special inconvenience to Great Britain as mistress of the seas. The hunt of Europe for fresh colonies and wider dependencies may cost this generation a good deal of unhappiness before a secure equilibrium is attained; but we may as well try to see coolly what are the driving forces which are urging the nations on their path.

What we have got to do is to protect ourselves, and such protection will be quite as much needed if Germany's ambitions are natural and legitimate as if they were inspired by the most subtle and immoral Machiavellism. We greatly dislike to hear the necessity for making ourselves safe against the tremendous weight and imminence of Germany's strength on land and sea based on the assertion that Germany is an immoral Power. There is a serious danger that the public, when it realizes that this is not true, may rush in a senseless reaction to the conclusion that therefore we need take no precautions against Germany. The more natural and elemental the trend of Germany towards sea power, and towards a vast preponderance of strength in Europe, the more essential it is for us to maintain that absolute predominance at sea without which we lie completely at her mercy.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF FICTITIOUS GEOGRAPHY.*

Many are the lines of thought suggested by Mr. Anthony Hope's new book. The theme is as old as the tale of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. It tells how a maid-servant

* "Sophy of Kravonia." By Anthony Hope.

came to be the sweetheart and presumably the wife of an earl. Thus baldly described, "Sophy of Kravonia" might hastily be classified with the literature that, according to the late Mr. Anthony Froude, ladies' maids love to

read. But the treatment would probably surprise them, as the steps by which Sophy mounts the ladder are not those which would have suggested themselves either to the ordinary feminine novel reader or to students of those books of memoirs which show how fair ladies in real life have earned the reward of social fame and success. Sophy differs from these pleasing heroines in nearly every respect. She is not entrancingly beautiful, though it may as well be said here once and for all that the novelist has been able to keep in his own mind's eye, and consequently in that of the reader, the vision of a woman supremely womanly and therefore supremely attractive. Her first claim to distinction is a birthmark which glows on her face when other damsels would blush. That gives distinction of a kind to her. Against it is the fact that she is called by the plebeian name of Grouch. She loses her father early and finds a guardian who thinks she has done well by her when the girl is engaged to be a kitchenmaid or help to the cook. Her first step up the ladder occurs when she has the opportunity of giving a bone to Lord Dunstanbury's dog. It is a very tiny step and ought to have led to nothing, as Lord Dunstanbury promptly disappears until he is needed again in the last act. Step number two occurs when Lady Margaret Duddington is so struck with the red star on the girl's face that she takes her into her protection on the understanding that the moment she tires the contract may be ended by the enclosure of a £100 note in an envelope without any explanation whatsoever. Lady Margaret Duddington's intention is to use the strange young woman as a medium, her hobby and weakness lying in the direction of spiritualism. Step number three is the falling in love of a French officer with her. Fortunately or unfortunately he is killed in battle,

and she is carried off to the mythical kingdom of Kravonia. Step number four is when, with a heavy lamp, she all but breaks the neck of a Kravonian officer. Step number five is the falling in love with her of the Prince whose life she had saved. The sixth step is the death of this Prince under circumstances that bring the long absent Lord Dunstanbury to her rescue. It is earnestly to be hoped that young women of a dreamy and romantic tendency will not be led by the perusal of this brief history, to lie in wait on balconies with heavy lamps which they are ready to drop on the head of any unfortunate prowler, who, in their hot fancy, may be taken for an officer, bent on assassination. From the epitome of the story here presented it will be apparent that Sophy is a very passive agent. Her career comes in answer neither to will nor to ambition; emphatically she is among those who have greatness thrust upon them, and the maiden who hopes to emulate this seductive career will probably find that her path is more thickly strewn with briars and thorns than the author has suggested. Perhaps his work will be considered all the more suitable for the drawing-room in so far as not a hint is given of the pitfalls that lie on either side of the primrose path. On a memorable occasion Thackeray expressed his regret that the conventions of the day made it impossible for him to paint a full-length portrait of a man. Mr. Anthony Hope might say the same only with a change of sex.

Now we come to a second consideration with regard to this novel, which is, the use made in it of a fictitious kingdom. We are not of the number of those who would apply the decalogue or any commandment whatever to the novelist. He is allowed to do what he likes and leave undone what he likes. The only criterion by which he is to be judged is the result,

and, to be quite frank and explicit, this kingdom of Kravonia is one of the dullest realms in which it has been our ill-fortune to wander. Mr. Anthony Hope has illustrated his chapters with maps, but he should also have added a list of characters. At any rate we have found it most difficult to keep in mind which of these very ordinary people in Kravonia is the scoundrel and which the hero. They have such names as Stenovics, Natcheff, Mistitch, Sterkoff and Zerkovitch, but it would almost seem to have been necessary for lucidity's sake for Mr. Anthony Hope to have appended to each his description every time his name was mentioned. It reminds one of Lord Beaconsfield who said in regard to two of his ministers that he never could remember whether it was Mr. W. H. Cross and Sir R. Smith or Sir W. H. Smith and Mr. R. Cross. Thus Mr. Hope's fictitious geography is not justified of the inhabitants. They are a very dull set of people in spite of their intrigues, their mimic wars, their assassinations, death-beds, loves and hates. One can almost imagine that the novelist began with a very different scheme in his head, because the early chapters are spirited, fine, and true to nature. A false note, however, is struck with the entry of Lady Margaret, whose whimsical fancy for the girl is not justified artistically by the result, and the sense of reality once lost never reasserts itself.

That is why we feel inclined to inquire when and how an author may with advantage invent his own geography. On at least one occasion Mr. Anthony Hope did this successfully. Perhaps the comparative failure on the present occasion is due to the fact that

he has repeated an old device. In no circumstances, however, can we imagine that his plot actually needs any fanciful land for its development, unless it be that he wished to introduce kings, queens, and their ministers in order to delight the ears of the ladies' maids. Since the time of Homer fabulous countries have frequently been used with great effect by distinguished writers. Homer himself made them the scenes of strange appearances and wonderful adventures. Shakespeare was as brilliant as Homer when he gave us the island with Prospero and Caliban and Ariel upon it. For a very different purpose Jonathan Swift invented Lilliput and Brobdingnag. Like cannot be compared with unlike, but the purpose at which Swift aimed was as brilliantly achieved in his way as was that of Shakespeare and Homer in their way. Defoe stumbled upon a place of fictitious geography that will ever delight the minds of children. When Mr. Anthony Hope wrote "The Prisoner of Zenda" this discovery of new land had a freshness and a beauty of its own. Perhaps one reason why we find the kingdom of Kravonia so dull is because Mr. Anthony Hope has had so many imitators. Probably a hundred books have been written since his first one appeared, and the device has become stale. He is not alone in his misfortune. Mr. H. G. Wells, who went beyond the habitable globe altogether in search of a dwelling-place for the efforts of his imagination, must also be now growing sick of the planet Mars and even of occasional comets. A fictitious land can only be usefully invented when there is something new to say. It is always more or less of a Utopia.

HYPNOTIC ADVERTISEMENT.

Escape from the ingenuity of the modern quack advertiser is impossible. How many newspapers are there now existing which do not truckle to him? There was a time when advertisers were kept at least within reasonable limits. They could not encroach on the "news" portions of the paper, and even in the columns set apart for advertisements certain restrictions obtained as to the size of type allowable and the method of "display" to be used. But pressure of competition has altered all this and the advertisers now shriek at us in any way they will without regard to our sensibilities. If we escape them by discarding newspapers they glare at us from hoardings or dazzle our eyes with illuminated signs. If we gaze heavenwards they start before our vision on balloons or sky-scrapers, and as we journey through the country we must close our eyes lest we catch their awful legends in the fields when we look out of the railway carriage windows.

Some people perhaps there are who, possessing the secret of philosophic detachment, are able to pass their lives totally oblivious of, or unaffected by, these things. For them the loudest advertiser cries in vain. But the number of these is so few as to be a negligible quantity. Most of us are affected—some of us consciously, others painfully consciously—by the unending repetition of the virtues of certain wares. The best form of advertisement is that which influences almost unconsciously. We become familiar with a certain name or a certain brand, say of soap or whisky, and then when we go to a shop and are confronted with the query as to who's soap or whisky we will have, our sub-conscious self recalls some oft-placarded name, and we buy

the advertised article. That is natural and presumably right. But far otherwise is it when we are lured—as who of us has not been?—perhaps against our better judgment into purchasing something we do not want and without which we are much better and happier. It is terrible to think in how many homes now repose in some discarded cupboard or lumber room these monuments of our folly and weakness. Out-of-date encyclopædias, antique atlases, best books of famous authors, snippets from the classics, special editions sold at treble their proper value—these with piano-players, bookcases, cigar cabinets and household remedies should serve as useful reminders to protect us from the insidious power of the hypnotic advertiser. For it is by a species of hypnotism that the modern advertiser makes his appeal, and cases are on record of men who, having successfully resisted fifty cunningly devised enticements, have finally succumbed to the fifty-first.

Most "poisonous" of all are the advertisements of patent-medicine vendors. Falsehoods about pills, distasteful notices about the human physiology, illustrated by worse pictures, flare upon us on all sides. They take an unfair advantage of human nature and catch human beings at their weakest point. Almost all of us have something the matter with us, and the healthier we are the more likely are we to be alarmed at our aches and pains. But the patent-medicine advertisement is designed to make uncomfortable those who feel perfectly well and to bring terror to those who have really something the matter. A man may be quite convinced that most of these things are mere quackery, that they will not cure

what they say they will cure, and yet fall a victim to the advertisement. There is even in those who are conscious of the fraudulent or worthless nature of the article sold the lingering hope that this particular one, which seems so exactly to fit his symptoms, may after all be the one exception that proves the rule and achieve what it advertises. We are assured that there are thousands of otherwise sensible men who have the patent-medicine habit. They cannot resist the fascination of experimenting on themselves. Generally they are thoroughly ashamed of their habit and slink surreptitiously into drug stores in unfrequented districts to purchase their wares. It is true that by their lurid character the

The Saturday Review.

advertisements sometimes overreach themselves. The remedy which will cure everything will cure nothing, and the sufferer reading through a long list of symptoms which he is conscious of possessing comes at last upon one which he has never felt, and heaves a sigh of relief as he knows that at least he has not got that particular form of disease. He is so elated by his discovery that he probably does not buy a bottle.

But on the nervous, on the timid, morbid, and the fanciful these gruesome advertisements frequently have a most pernicious effect. It is indeed in many cases actually safer to take the medicines than to read the advertisements of them.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Edward Everett Hale's unforgettable story "The Man without a Country" and Thoreau's delightful essay on "Friendship" are published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. in pretty booklets.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis publishes in an attractive volume Captain Letterblair, a play by Marguerite Merington. This is the first published version of the clever comedy in which Mr. Sothern has won so distinguished success. It reads almost as well as it acts, and the illustrations, which are taken from the stage scenes, add to the illusion.

In gay red covers, on heavy paper with decorated margins, and illustrated by Peter Newell's droll pictures, Grace MacGowan's clever story, "Their First Formal Call," will make one of the most attractive gift-books of the

season for those who prefer comedy to sentiment. The spectators before whom the two bashful boys play their awkward part—Grandfather Claiborne, Aunt Missouri and the pickaninnies—add to the humor of the situation. Harper & Bros.

The Macmillans have published a new edition, the third, of "Harvard College By an Oxonian." The "Oxonian" was the late Dr. George Birkbeck Hill. He wrote in a genial humor, and,—for a wonder—without condescension. His impressions of Harvard were not superficial, but were drawn from close personal study. His comparisons and contrasts of American and English university life are illuminating, and he was at pains not merely to describe and by means of illustrations to picture the Harvard of to-day but to trace its history and development. His

temper is so cordial as to take the edge from his criticisms.

In "Friends on the Shelf" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Bradford Torrey for once leaves the world of Nature for the world of books; and yet not altogether, for two of the most interesting essays in the volume are upon Thoreau. The others are upon Hazlitt, FitzGerald, Stevenson, Keats and Anatole France and upon certain general literary themes. The art of writing essays is one more practised by Americans to-day than by Englishmen, and the taste for them is more widely diffused among us than among our cousins across the sea. Mr. Torrey is a keen and discriminating observer as well as a charming writer and these discourses of his upon men and books will find a ready welcome.

A well-balanced and discriminating view of the obligations, possibilities and perils of "Great Riches" in the form in which modern conditions have made them possible, is presented by President Eliot of Harvard in a little book bearing that title, published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. President Eliot regards the problem presented by the multiplication of multi-millionaires without alarm, and weighs with a fairness not untinged with humor the advantages and disadvantages of their lot. That a man may be very rich without being a thief or an enemy of his kind is clearly Dr. Eliot's view, and his suggestions as to the uses to which great riches may be put would be excellent reading for multi-millionaires, if they were inclined to profit by them.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Tarry at Home Travels" which were first printed serially in *The Outlook* are published now by the Macmillans in an attractive volume, profusely and

appropriately illustrated. There could be no more delightful companion and guide than Dr. Hale upon any travels, whether of the tarry-at-home sort or farther afield; and he is at his brightest, most whimsical and most diverting in these chapters, in which, after exploring the average American's ignorance of his own country and disinclination to be cured of it he takes him on an irregular tour of the six New England states, New York and the city of Washington. There is something of history, something of biography, something of description and a great deal of pleasant reminiscence in these pages.

The Century Company reprints from *The Century Magazine* the series of articles upon "Lincoln the Lawyer" by Frederick Trevor Hill, Esq., which attracted wide attention on their serial publication. Believing with President McKinley that it was in his nearly a quarter of a century of arduous experience as a lawyer that Lincoln obtained his best training for the presidency, Mr. Hill entered upon this hitherto almost neglected field of Lincoln-study, and from court records and decisions, from the reminiscences of friends and associates, and from other sources not before explored obtained the material for this unique and important contribution to the biography of the great emancipator. The book abounds in incident and anecdote, racily told and is fully illustrated with portraits, maps and views of scenes associated with Lincoln's legal career.

Anna Bennesson McMahan, to whom we were already indebted for charmingly illustrated volumes upon "Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings" and "With Shelley in Italy" now presents, through A. C. McClurg & Co. a companion volume "With Byron in Italy." As the editor remarks in her

brief but discriminating Introduction, Byron was even more completely absorbed into Italian life and literature than Browning, or Shelley or Landor. More than any of the others he became Italianized in habits and ideas, and his most memorable work was written in Italy and breathed the Italian spirit. This circumstance lends special interest to this volume which, following the general plan of its predecessors, is made up of selections from Byron's poems and letters which have to do with his life in Italy from 1816 to 1823. These are chosen with admirable judgment and are mutually interpretive. The book is embellished with more than sixty illustrations from photographs, which present scenes referred to in the letters or poems.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish an interpretation of "The Spirit of Democracy" by Charles Fletcher Dole. The thirty chapters, more or less, which make up the book originated in a lecture which the writer gave before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, of which he has long been president, and took the form later of a series of articles in the Springfield Republican. Mr. Dole is not the sort of man to lose his temper on being called an idealist. He would admit the accusation, if it is an accusation, without hesitation. He wants universal suffrage, without restriction of sex. He wants party government superseded. He wants war abolished. He wants many other things which he is not likely to get in this present evil world. But although he is critical of democracy, as exemplified in this country, he by no means despairs of it. His tone is not querulous, and if his presentation of ideals sounds to an age somewhat steeped in materialism like the voice of one crying in the wilder-

ness it may yet have some stimulating and awakening effect.

It is a point often disputed whether biography is or is not best written by those who have been in intimate relations with the person whose life is narrated. There is a gain in sympathy when a biography is so written, but affection cannot be expected to be impartial, and often has no proper sense of perspective or of proportion. But whatever may be said upon this general question, there will be none who will dispute the rare fitness of the wife of Edward Burne-Jones for the writing of the "Memorials" of his life and career,—an occupation to which she devoted the first six years of her widowhood, from 1898 to 1904. This work, first published two years ago in two volumes, is now published by the Macmillans in a new edition, complete in one volume. In this new form it should reach many new readers, who will find it one of the most delightful biographies of one of the rarest and finest spirits of his time. Lady Burne-Jones's acquaintance with her husband began when she was a little girl and he was nineteen. Her impressions of him were from the first vivid, and were supplemented by information from various sources from friends, from letters, etc., so that she is able to present a complete and intimate account of him from his forlorn babyhood to his calm and courageous death at the age of 65. Incidentally, there is much of personal interest regarding some of the most eminent men and women in the artistic and literary world,—the Rossettis, Ruskin, George Eliot, Ford Madox Brown, William Morris and many others. There are many portraits and other illustrations,—among them two portraits of the subject and reproductions of some of his drawings.